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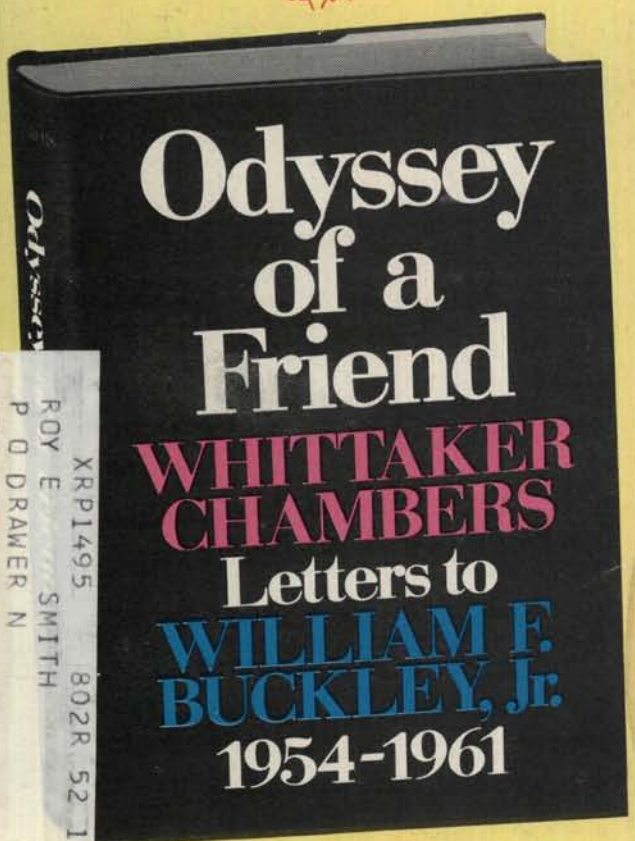
JANUARY 27, 1970

IN THIS ISSUE:
The Great Grape Debate
—SEE PAGE 88

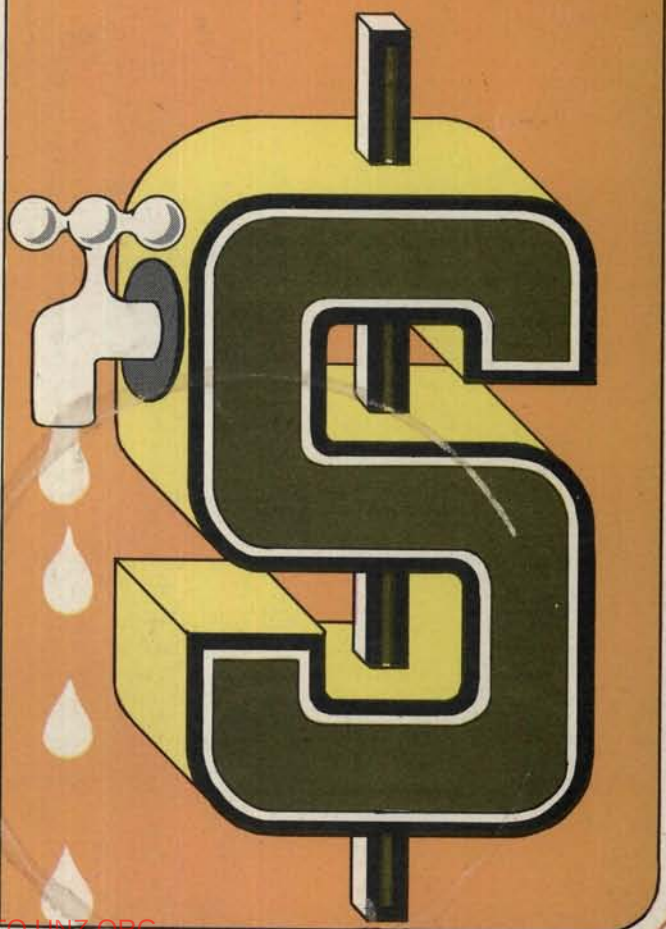
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Letters of Whittaker Chambers



What's still wrong with Nixon's Welfare Proposals

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG



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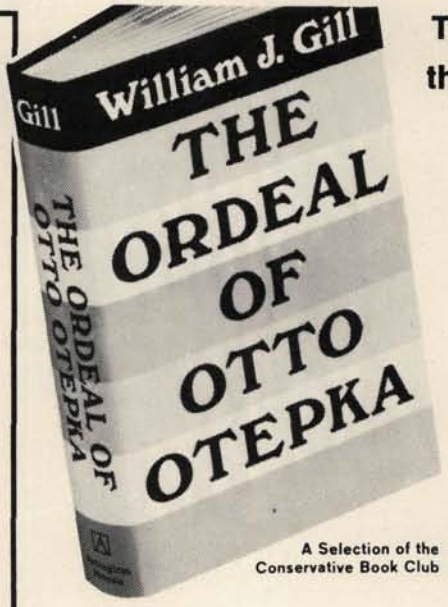
William Gill's Revelations About the State Dept. Are More Than History. Many of These Men Are Still There!

- Dean Rusk and Bobby Kennedy order Otepka to issue a top-secret clearance to a prominent security risk.
- Richard Nixon introduces a bill in 1951 that would have saved Otepka. But the bill dies in committee.
- Dean Acheson and Nelson Rockefeller clear the notorious John Stewart Service.
- The lengths to which John Kennedy went to placate Liberal fears that he was "soft on McCarthyism."
- Rusk's little-known role in the fall of China, and in keeping our hands tied in Korea.
- Distortions in Rusk's testimony over his relationship with the Communist-run IPR.
- The Rostow plan for surrendering U.S. sovereignty. Other JFK advisors who agreed.
- Dr. Jerome Weisner promises Soviet scientists to fight against any ABM system.
- State plays the numbers game to hide massive cuts in the security office.
- "Channels" defeat J. Edgar Hoover — and another nation falls to the Communists.
- Who was the mysterious Senor Montenegro? Why did the President stick his neck out for him?
- The gay Undersecretary of State who, against his deepest desires, unintentionally helps install Batista as Cuba's strongman.
- Rusk signs 152 security waivers in his first 14 months when only five had been issued in eight years under Eisenhower — and two of those five backfired.
- Can the *New York Times'* vendetta against Otto Otepka be explained solely in terms of its inveterate anti-anti-Communism? No, says Senator Strom Thurmond, since the name of "one of the principals in the Otepka case is printed at the top of the newspaper's masthead." That name — and its connection with the case — is revealed in this book.
- A rare pro-security decision from the Supreme Court subverted by a weird coterie of State and Justice Department lawyers.
- The prominent New Frontier official who asked Otepka: "What are the chances of getting Alger Hiss back into government?"
- Massive Soviet penetration of our intelligence agencies: the ominous evidence.
- Important defector from Poland is foiled in his attempt to contact the FBI — the one U.S. agency he knew was free of Soviet penetration.
- Three top American scientists, each with access to highly classified material, identified as KGB agents.
- Did the sack of Otepka lead, obliquely, to the assassination of President Kennedy?
- The strange twists and turns of Senator Thomas Dodd: were they partially explained when his unethical practices were brought to light?
- Evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was a member of KGB.
- High White House staffer learns of Pueblo seizure, keeps the President in the dark for hours. (This same man had been refused a security clearance by Otepka.)
- State employee first corroborates Otepka's statements, then changes his mind — after an "accident."
- The promise from Senators Goldwater, Thurmond and Dirksen that persuaded Otepka to take the SACB appointment.



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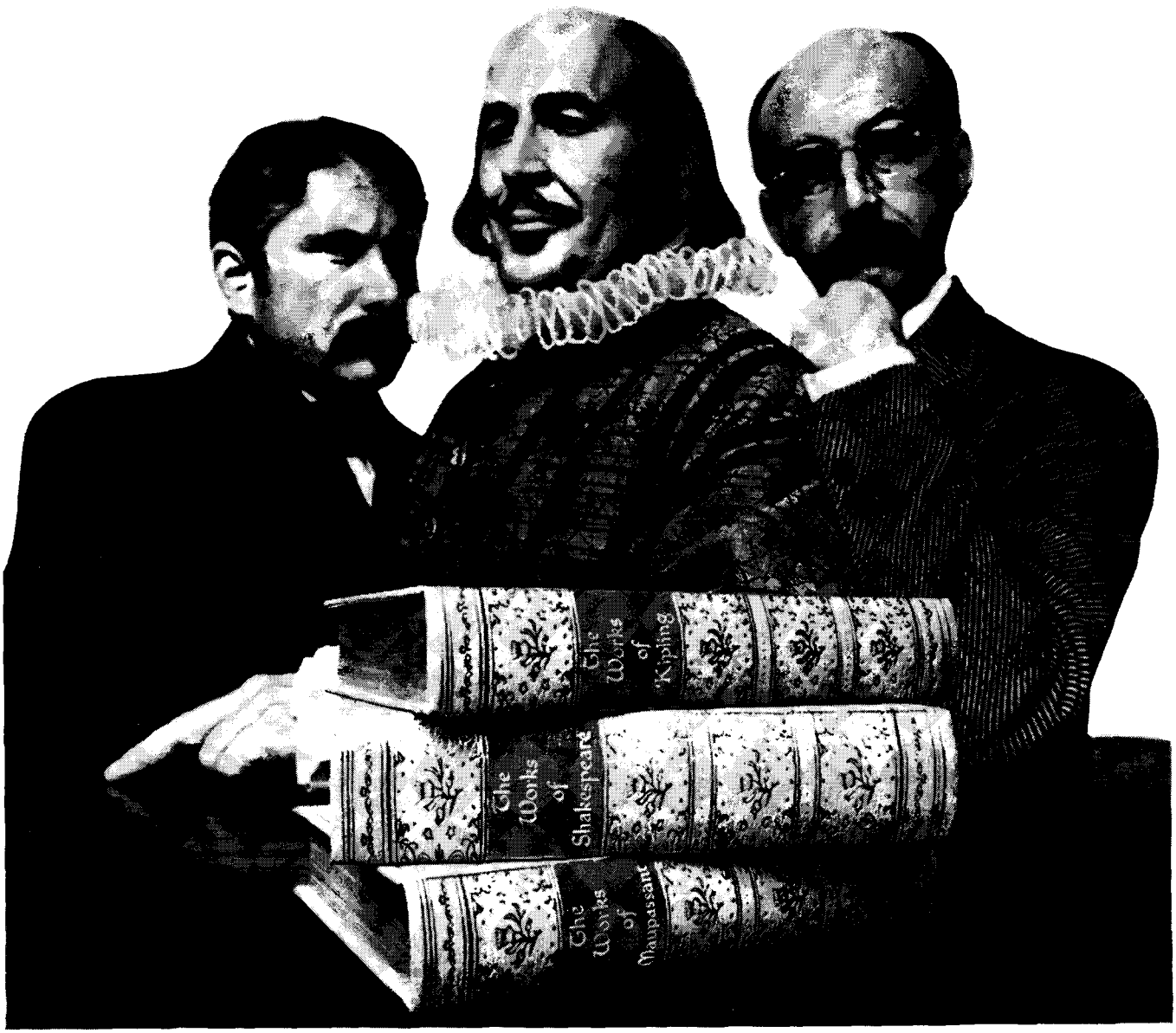

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FOR THE RECORD

■ They're off! It will be Rep. **George Bush** in Texas against liberal Democratic Sen. **Ralph Yarborough** (chances good: there could be bitter Democratic primary as **Lyndon Johnson-John Connally** wing of Democratic Party disputes Yarborough's renomination); Rep. **Donald (Buz) Lukens** in Ohio to run for seat Gov. **James Rhodes** is vacating (chances fair to good: Lukens has run both previous successful campaigns against the GOP establishment which will certainly at least try to contest his nomination. Tough riding also in November when Democratic ticket in Ohio is expected to be headed by **John Glenn** for senator; **John J. Gilligan** for governor. Gilligan, you may recall, knocked off Sen. **Frank Lausche** in primary in '68, only to lose in November to **William Saxbe**). . . . And in Massachusetts, former GOP State Chairman **Josiah A. Spaulding**, a liberal Republican, making his first electoral try against giant-killer **Edward M. Kennedy** (chances: nil). . . . In California, it's now official: Rep. **John Tunney** has entered race against Sen. **George Murphy**, looks best of potentially big primary card. Murphy, incidentally, has signed contract with author and biographer **Victor Lasky** for campaign biography to be called: *Say, Didn't You Use to be George Murphy?*

■ ADA is first of major political ratesheets to sum up performance of 91st Congress, first session, and it has some goodies. Can't be an election year: **Jacob Javits** is back on 100 per cent pure list (along with **Clifford Case** of New Jersey, only other Republican among six Senate perfect scorers). . . . Sen. **Charles Goodell** (R., N.Y.), working manfully, managed to jack up his ADA rating from 38 per cent (last year in the House) to 83 per cent (first year in the Senate). . . . Republican to place highest in House was another New Yorker, **Ogden Reid**, of the *Herald Tribune* family, with 83 per cent. . . . Democrats in Senate to score 100 per cent were: **Hartke** (Ind.), **Kennedy** (Mass.), **Hart** (Mich.), **Nelson** (Wis.). Presidential candidates **Edmund Muskie** (Me.) and **George McGovern** (S.D.) might have made it—they both scored 94 per cent—but each missed one key vote. Other high scorers: **Edward Brooke** (R., Mass.) and **Mark Hatfield** (R., Ore.), 89 per cent. . . . On other side: eight zero scorers included two Southern Democrats, **Long** (La.), **Eastland** (Miss.) and six Republicans: **Goldwater** and **Fannin** (Ariz.), **Gurney** (Fla.), **Dole** (Kan.), **Curtis** (Neb.), **Thurmond** (S.C.) and **Hansen** (Wyo.). . . . Among freshman Republican senators **Charles Mathias** (Md.), 78, rated just above Democratic Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield**, 72, which was the rating also of **Charles Percy** (Ill.). . . . Republican Minority Leader **Hugh Scott**, playing it cool, came up with 56 per cent, which won't cool off group of Pennsylvania GOP conservatives who have just formed a "Committee of 100 to Retire Hugh Scott."

Backes, *Nuernberger Nachrichten* Ben Roth

Brandt: "I am ready for negotiations."

■ Shortly after New Year, it became official: Maj. **Ngoubal** has proclaimed the Congo (Brazzaville) a "People's Republic" with hammer and sickle on the flag and the *Internationale* (Bongo-Bongo-Bongo) as the national anthem. Africa's first official People's Republic. . . . Malawi, which refused to go along with ritualistic **Organization of African Unity** denunciations of Portugal, Rhodesia and South Africa at most recent meeting in Lusaka, may be drummed out of the Organization. . . . Also out of favor with OAU, the **Ivory Coast**, which says it won't join the anti-Portuguese, -Rhodesian and -South African resolutions in the future, because they are unenforceable and therefore make no sense. . . . By tone of press and radio you can tell Swedes are unhappy at appointment of **Jerome Holland** (a Negro) of the Hampton Institute, as U.S. ambassador to Stockholm. But since they can't attack the appointment on racial grounds—it being well known that Sweden has no racial prejudice—they question it on grounds that he is not a career diplomat (like Sargent Shriver or Walter Annenberg, say).

■ Upmanship: Come Jan. 1 of what will probably be election year in Great Britain, the £50 limit on currency British citizens can take abroad has been lifted and other travel currency regulations so eased as to be unimportant. One up for **Harold Wilson**. . . . In Australia, Conservative leader **Edward Heath**, coming in first in grueling six-hundred-mile Sydney-to-Hobart race, commented he didn't know whether he would enter again next year "because my time may not be so much my own in the future."

■ If Golda Meir married Charles Goodell, she'd be Golda Goodell.

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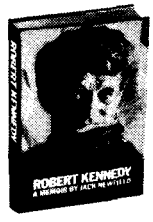

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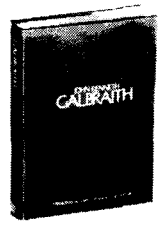

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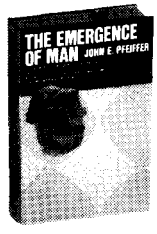

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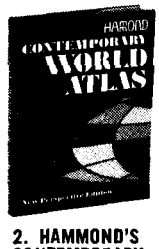

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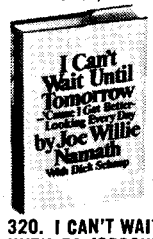

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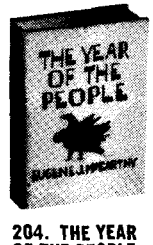

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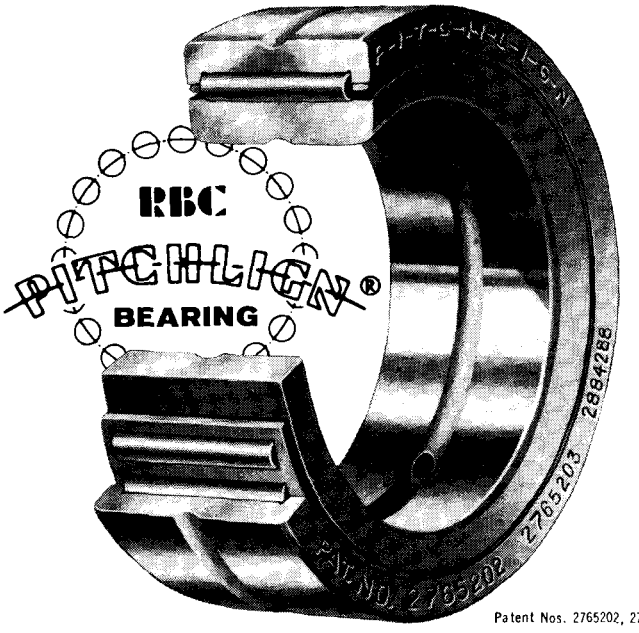

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LETTERS

Chambers Lives!

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Pittsburgh, Pa. MAUREEN WALCOTT

Cheers for your enterprise in publishing Whittaker Chambers' letters! I had thought perhaps they would be of interest only to my generation, which lived through the events discussed; but I was delighted to see my college-age daughter pick up the first installment and read it in one sitting. The letters are "living history," relevant as all get-out.

Chicago, Ill. WALTER KRETSCHMER

It's like getting a heaping second helping of something I thought was all gone.

Denver, Colo. REGIS LASH

Atrocities

Being both a Yale student and a member of the Yale Varsity Debate Team, I am more than well aware, as many are, of Mr. Buckley's legacy of wit and intellect. However, I was most distressed with Mr. Buckley's analysis of the Mylai incident [*NR*, Dec. 30], in which he attempted to transfer the blame for the incident from the war in Vietnam to our American homes.

Mr. Buckley's analysis of the American homefront as hedonistic, egalitarian, irresponsible and indifferent is certainly overcritical. And his attempt to blithely slough off three months in Vietnam was certainly under-critical.

I would like to submit that life in America for the average family is comfortable, satisfying and confident; on the other hand, fighting in the jungles and the rice paddies of Vietnam is certainly uncomfortable, dissatisfying and the only confidence is perhaps the certainty of death.

Therefore, I would contend, and most psychologists would tend to agree, that the environmental shock of the change from life in America to war in Vietnam is certainly conducive to the kind of aberrational behavior as occurred at Mylai. The causes? Mr. Buckley chose the com-

(Continues on page 62)

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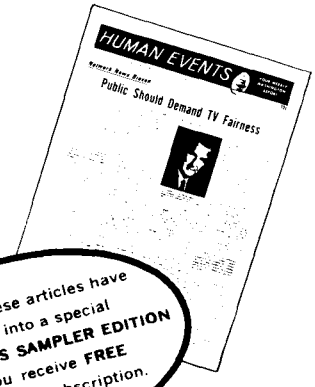

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VOL. XXII NO. 3 JANUARY 27, 1970

66 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

56 For the Record
58 Letters
76 Odyssey of a Friend, II *by Whittaker Chambers*
83 Letter from Jerusalem *by Michael S. Kogan*
84 Letter from Latin America *by Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
85 What's *Still* Wrong with Nixon's Welfare Program *by Ernest van den Haag*
88 The Great Grape Debate by *John R. Coyne Jr.*
89 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*
90 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
100 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
102 Trans-O-Gram

91 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Sidney Hook's *Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy* reviewed by Russell Kirk ☐ Guy Davenport on *The American Heritage Dictionary* ☐ *Alfalfa Bill Murray* and *Huey Long* reviewed by M. E. Bradford ☐ Anthony Lejeune on Raymond Aron's latest ☐ *John Adams* reviewed by Clyde Wilson ☐ Geoffrey Wagner discusses the new cinema

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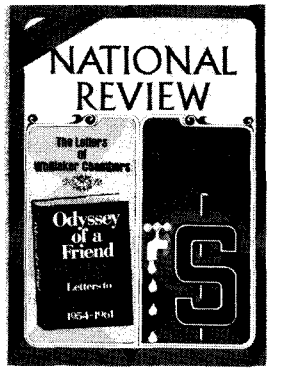
IN THIS ISSUE

■ This week we present the second of three installments in the series of letters written by **Whittaker Chambers** to Wm. F. Buckley Jr. The response to the first installment [*NR*, January 13] has been gratifying and somewhat unexpected, for the most enthusiastic of the comments come from college students. Perhaps the age of Aquarius won't be all wet after all. . . . **Ernest van den Haag**, whose latest book, *The Jewish Mystique*, threatens the bestseller lists, continues *NR*'s on-going discussion of the President's welfare proposals. . . . **Michael Kogan** studies for his Ph.D. in philosophy at Columbia, edits *Ideas* magazine, and serves as vice chairman of the Jewish Society of America. In this issue he travels to Israel and reports on the rightist complexion of the new cabinet. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** visits three Latin American nations in which presidential elections will be held this year and comes up with some novel notions about ideal forms of government south of the border. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.**, whose book *The Kumquat Statement* will be appearing soon, writes from Washington about a peculiar bunch of sour grapes. . . . But don't lose your appetites, for **Nika Standen Hazelton** once again makes us hungry, this week with instructions on how to prepare perfect rare roast beef. And if there's any room left, she also has a lamb casserole ready. (In the next issue she will announce the winners of the first Delectations contest.) . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** discovers a contemporary saint up in Harlem and discusses the Politics of Hallucination. . . . It's clear enough that New Left radicals are the enemy. But careful, warns **Frank S. Meyer**. Remember who their parents are.



■ **Russell Kirk**, presently hard at work on *Eliot and the Follies of the Time*, appreciates Sidney Hook's study of campus unrest. A fine book, Kirk believes, and isn't it a shame that Professor Hook continues to play for the wrong team. . . . **Guy Davenport** survived the holidays and is once more meeting his English classes at the University of Kentucky. In this issue he takes on the new American Heritage Dictionary. When he's not teaching and writing for *NR*, Professor Davenport does reviews for the *New York Times*, *Life* and *Book World*. . . . **M. E. Bradford** reviews two about a couple of American Populists, Alfalfa Bill Murray and the Kingfish. . . . **Anthony Lejeune**, *NR*'s man in Europe, discusses the latest on Charles de Gaulle. . . . **Clyde Wilson** enjoys Arlington House's political biography of John Adams. . . . **Geoffrey Wagner**, Associate Professor of English at CCNY and author of over twenty books, goes to the movies and illuminates some of the conventions of the new cinema.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 58)

fortable, satisfying, confident way of life in America. I choose the hell of war in Vietnam.

Comment, Mr. Buckley?

New Haven, Conn. FLINT A. NELSON

Okay, you figure it out. —ED.

James Burnham states ". . . when one side chucks the rules it becomes almost impossible for the other to stick to them." In reference to the *alleged* Mylai massacre, I can only take this to mean that since the Communists often slaughter civilian non-combatants, this gives the United States a perfectly legal right to do the same. Ours is a very civilized nation, and we should expect none but the best behavior from our armed forces. I think Mr. Burnham will agree that there is a distinct possibility (although he may think it is very remote) that American troops did massacre innocent civilians. It is this possibility we must investigate, and determine whether the Mylai massacre was in fact a massacre.

Tulsa, Okla. DOUG TROUT

James Burnham meant, as usual, exactly what he wrote. —ED.

Huzzahs for your editorial "The Great Atrocity Hunt" ["The Week," Dec. 16]. It puts the whole subject of the currently fashionable vilification of America into much-needed perspective.

From the personal standpoint, as an American I resent the implication of such moronic statements as the article quotes from *Time*, in which "America and Americans must stand in the larger dock of guilt . . ." for the Mylai affair. I heard the same thing after each of the major assassinations of the past several years. I didn't pull any of those triggers, and I'll be damned if I'm going to take the rap for it!

Wexford, Penna. LARRY GIVENS

The Zoll Menace

Re your introduction of Donald Atwell Zoll's article ["Shall We Let America Die?," Dec. 16] "guaranteed . . . to send Frank Meyer to his typewriter"—one can only say, "Thank God for Frank Meyer and his typewriter!" His one-page response does not, however, entirely extirpate the ominous delusions of Professor Zoll's much lengthier piece.

It is true, of course, as Mr. Meyer points out, that Zoll offers false options, ignoring the third alternative of a conservative defense of the political order—and its freedoms—independent of liberalism's death rattles. This is in fact what conservatives have been doing, and their capture of the Republican Party in 1964 and Nixon's election in 1968 are measures of their initial success.

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But the mere fact that Professor Zoll dwells on the potentially exclusive character of the other two options—"neo-fascism" or anarchic despotism from the Left—suggests that he is raising the question at a more ultimate level than that of Mr. Meyer's reply. Professor Zoll is really asking, "What if the third alternative [which Meyer suggests] *fails*?"

Posed at this level, Professor Zoll's question and his suggested answer constitute a far greater menace than his apparent misunderstanding of liberalism and conservatism as cited by Mr. Meyer. Professor Zoll's fundamental error is his assumption that the conservative's ultimate loyalty is to "order." I would disagree; it is not. Neither is it to "liberty." It is, rather, to a civilized balance between the two (consonant with a society's traditions). If we ever arrive at a time in this country when this balance is destroyed, conservatism, as a governing body of principles, will have failed. But the principles will remain. And while some "conservatives" like Professor Zoll might opt for a Bismarckian neo-fascism, their forced hands at that point will hardly constitute conservatism. There will be others, like myself, who will continue to oppose either, and if necessary *both*, of the contending extremes. To stand in defense of such conservatism may not secure either liberty or order for one's own time, but neither will it seek one to the exclusion of the other, and ultimately such loyal purpose alone will vindicate true conservative principle.

Piscataway, N.J. DOUGLAS STERNER

Getting to the Bottom

To set the record straight with respect to the "Decision of the Week" [*NR*, Dec. 30], here is what happened:

State prosecutions were brought against two "bottomless" dancing acts in Sacramento, California, with the dancers winning acquittals in both cases. In one the judge, Earl Warren Jr., found the dancing constitutionally protected. In the other a jury found the dancing neither lewd nor indecent. In spite of these acquittals the county sheriff and district attorney announced that they would continue to prosecute all bottomless entertainment in the county. The dancers then filed civil actions in federal court under the Civil Rights Act to enjoin their prosecution for doing dances previously acquitted. They also sought damages for harassment. In denying the dancers' motion for a preliminary injunction pending trial of these civil actions, Judge Thomas MacBride held, *inter alia*, that they had not shown the requisite irreparable injury.

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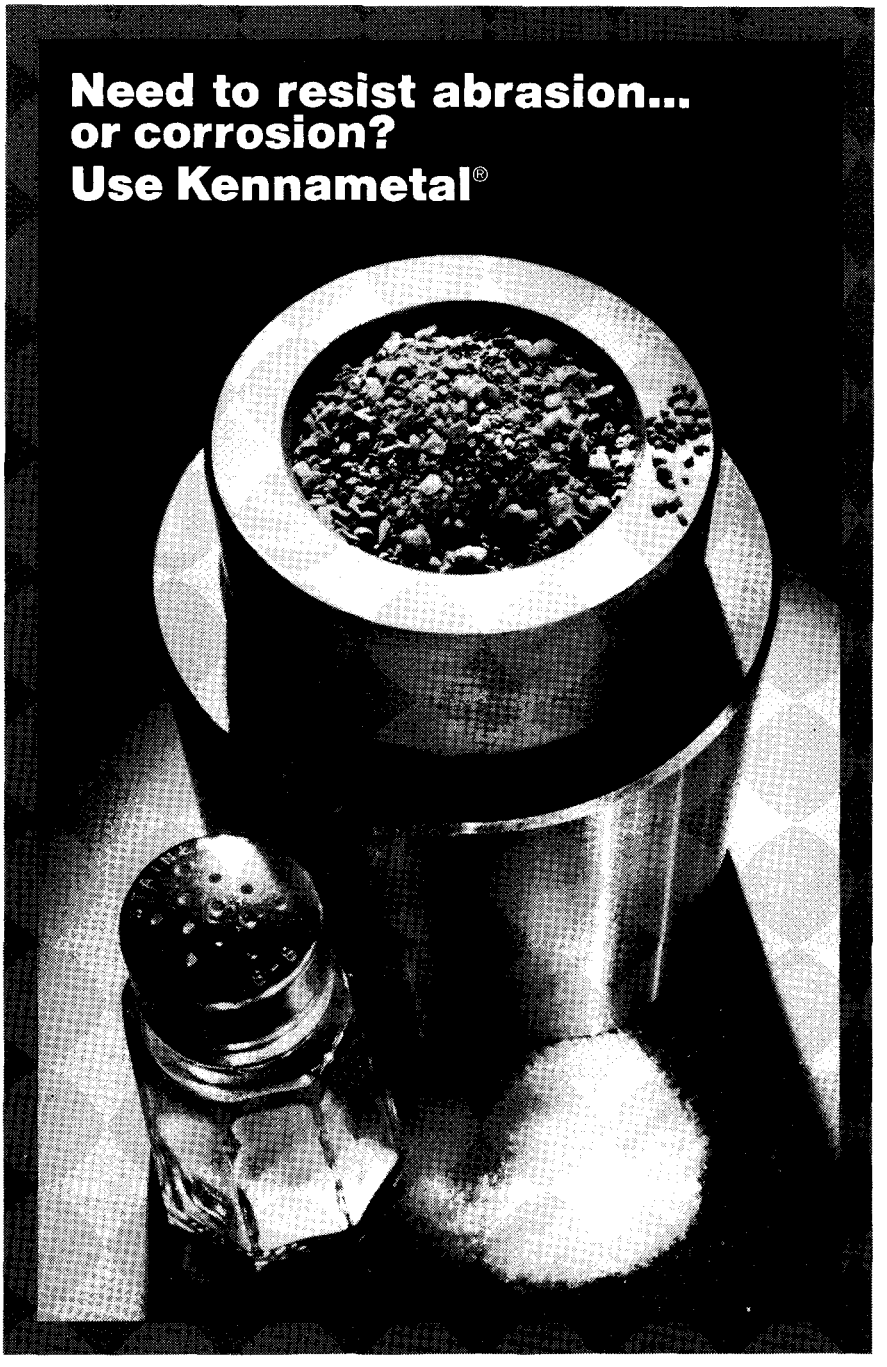

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Naturally the ordinances and the state law are currently being challenged as unconstitutional in the state courts.

So far as I know the dancers are still dancing while they await trial on further state charges.

BRUCE BABCOCK JR.
Law Clerk to
Sacramento, Cal. Judge MacBride

Quibbles and Queries

Your [Dec. 16] editorial "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" states: ". . . the girls were naked or bikini-clad and carried sheathed knives. . . ."

Might one ask, "Where?"

Findlay, Ohio JERRY L. SHEAFFER DDS

In their teeth, Doc. —ED.

I very much enjoyed Elspeth Huxley's article ["Sniping at Springboks . . ." *NR*, Dec. 16]. But what is a snook? And what is the significance of cocking one?

THOMAS BLAIR CARLETON MD
Gunnison, Colo.

Our Oxford English Dictionary *defines "snook" as "a derisive gesture," performed by "placing the thumb against the nose and closing all the fingers except the little one, which is agitated in the token of derision." An American equivalent would be to thumb one's nose.* —ED.

Correction, please. In "The Week" [Dec. 30], you write that Richard Werner, Mayor of Santa Barbara, California, etc. Please, that was *Santa Cruz*, California.

Let's from now on have Santa Cruz, California on the map, not only for the Miss California contest, but for a good old-fashioned patriotic issue. We are all so proud of our mayor.

Aptos, Calif. MRS. VERA ANDERSON

My favorite magazine has erred in stating that all fifty states have compulsory education laws [*NR*, Dec. 16]. Mississippi's was repealed several years ago by the legislature. The issue has been revived recently but I doubt that compulsory education has a chance of being re-enacted into law in the near future.

Yazoo City, Miss. MRS. J. C. SHANNON

Bouquets

With nine small children (ages 3-14) I only get time to read worthwhile publications. My wife and I really enjoyed "A Trapp Family Christmas." This traditionalism by Aloise Heath can never, never be overdone.

Shelby, Ohio PAUL V. COLEMAN

Thank you from the heart for the beautiful Christmas cheer—and the most prosperous and happiest of New Years to you, one of the world's greater publications.

REUBEN MAURY
Chief Editorial Writer,
New York, N.Y. The *Daily News*

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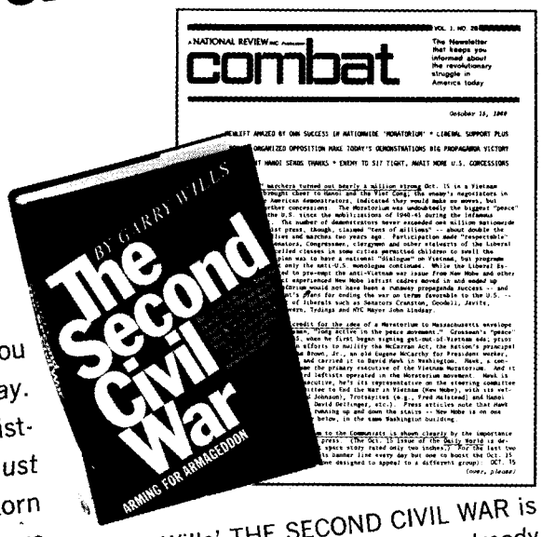
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BY GARRY WILLS
The Second Civil War
ARMING FOR ARMAGEDDON

COMBAT is the new hard-hitting newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today. COMBAT provides the names and facts behind today's leftist-engineered social and political upheavals. Facts you *must* know to understand what is *really* happening in crisis-torn America. (COMBAT was the only one to reprint the infamous Black Panther Coloring Book in shocking detail. That issue of COMBAT alone drew over 15,000 responses.) Each issue of COMBAT reports on the subversive activities of the Communist Party and their Oldleft and Newleft allies, the Peking factions, rebellious students, black nationalists plus many "respectable" organizations. (COMBAT recently revealed the leftist activities of a well-known foundation.) COMBAT is published twice monthly. No advertising, just the facts. A year's subscription to COMBAT is $24.00 (we pay all postage . . . 1st class mail — and handling).

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THE WEEK

■ Dr. Seymour Halleck, head of the University of Wisconsin Student Psychiatric Services, said recently that the number of students seeking help with their heads had more than tripled since President Nixon's hope-stifling Vietnam speech (Nov. 3), and that, well now, there wasn't exactly any hard evidence to link the wave of student despair to the speech; well, it was "not a scientific observation," but he and his colleagues had all pretty well come to the same conclusion, you know, that the speech "seemed like the same old thing and held out very little hope," and so the students, well, a whole younger generation actually, were depressed and who are living on the edge of despair, couldn't help being full of despair, and

■ The Nixon Administration, says Labor Secretary Schultz, is about to propose the first major changes in labor laws in twenty years. The White House would like to junk the creaky Railway Labor Act and put railroads and airlines under Taft-Hartley—on the grounds that the mechanism of the earlier law is so complex that negotiators don't get down to hard bargaining until the eleventh hour. As to other points: Nixon contemplates no beefing-up of his antistrike powers under Taft-Hartley, just a little tinkering with the "fact-finding" process, and no legislation to deal with the spreading plague of strikes by state and municipal employees that shut down essential public services. Nobody in Washington takes the Nixon proposals very seriously anyway. The labor lobby, having just disposed of a Supreme Court nominee it didn't like, should have no trouble in maintaining the paralyzing status quo.

■ To give some idea of where SDS stands today, we reproduce a few statements from the keynote speech of Bernadine Dohrn (whose mother really should have washed her mouth out with soap) to the Weatherman convention in Flint, Michigan last month, as reported by Liberation News Service: "We f----d up a lot. We didn't fight around Bobby Seale when he was shackled at the Conspiracy trial. We should have torn the courtroom apart. We didn't smash them when Mobe peace creeps hissed David Hilliard on Moratorium Day in San Francisco. We didn't burn Chicago down when Fred [Hampton] was killed. . . . A lot of us are still honkies and we're still scared of fighting. We have to get into the armed struggle." Miss Dorhn held up Charlie Manson of the "[Sharon] Tate Eight" as a new hero of the far Left because he's "a bad m-----f----r." "Dig it. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!"

■ We won't all starve to death after all. At least the UN's Food and Agricultural Organization doesn't think so. Three years ago the FAO predicted famine. This year it finds that agricultural production is booming, especially in those underdeveloped countries. The danger now is that such countries soon "will have exportable surpluses and will need markets." And the British science journal *Nature*, analyzing the FAO's year-end report, believes that even "countries such as India are now faced with the politically contentious problems of how to manage huge surpluses." Is the solution to increase the birth rate? Or is that what the logicians call the fallacy of the contrapositive?

■ Out in Iowa it was, somebody not only remembered the free market but applied it and its economies to compete—yes, *compete*—with our brothers in the Butchers' Guild. The story is, the Iowa Beef Packers Company looked over its beef-dressing operation and decided the (expensive) services of skilled butchers were not really necessary; the carcass could be put on a conveyor and unskilled workers could each make one cut in turn. These assembly-line techniques speeded up production and lowered costs considerably, which savings were passed along to the customers, who bought more and more of the company's beef, and so on. This kind of thing, we all know, strikes at the very heart of the feudal system in America, and must be dealt with severely. Of course the Guild, the International Butchers Union, went on strike at once, and the Overguild Itself, the AFL-CIO, has lent its complete support. Iowa Beef Packers' workers must, say the Guilds, be reclassified as skilled butchers and paid accordingly, which is the human way to wipe out the lower cost of beef and put the public in its place.

■ The Russians are vociferously annoyed at the prospective "talks" in Warsaw between Red China and the United States. And indeed, the principal purpose of those talks seems to be to get the Soviets' goat, and to remind the Soviet Union that, just as we helped Russia against Germany in one great crisis, so it is conceivable that we would help China against Russia in another great crisis. China wants to demonstrate that she is prepared to look for powerful allies in order to protect her border. The United States desires a little more cooperation from Russia in the Middle East, and in Vietnam. So that the real news issuing from the Warsaw talks may well be datelined Moscow.

■ *Report from a reader:*

"Now that atrocity-hunting season is here, I would like to report an atrocity. The reason I am reporting it to you is that the *Boston Globe* turned it down and the witnessing UPI man did not care to report it either.

"Place: Vo Dat, South Vietnam

"Time: Around November 6, 1965

"Victim: Estimated three-year-old male

"Incident: Drawn and quartered, hung in a tree as an incentive to pay due taxes at the tax collecting point below the tree.

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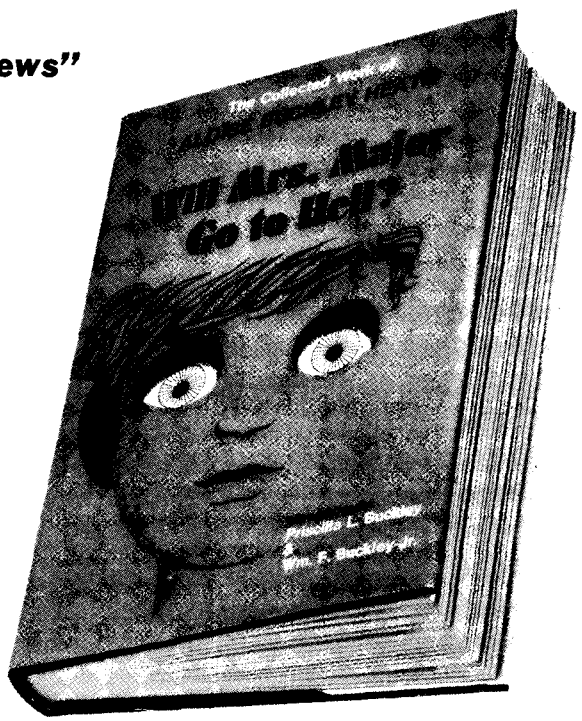
If you came upon this book in your local store (which is highly unlikely) we're willing to bet that you would buy it on the spot. So why not take this opportunity to get it direct from us and save more than half the cost of this new $6.00 book?

Here is what the "Book-of-the-Month Club News" said about "Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?":

> "It may be the warmest, funniest book about suburban family life since 'Please Don't Eat the Daisies', and it suggests that a true talent was lost when Mrs. Heath died at the untimely age of 48. She was one of ten children and had ten of her own, which helps explain why she was busy. The picture she gives of the way her family lived is both touching and hilarious, and she also casts a wry glance at the social scene in such pieces as one entitled 'Ladies' Month in the Slicks,' wherein she notes, regarding the suggestion that harried housewives be given a paid-up charm course for Christmas, 'This gift had better be limited to harried housewives you know very well indeed.'"



Retail value: $6.00

. . . and we honestly can't remember when we've seen a more tender, poignant collection of stories. The late Aloise Buckley Heath (William F. Buckley Jr.'s sister) has written some absolutely priceless things about her own family, the early days of *National Review*, plus some marvellously funny satirical observations of our contemporary habits and institutions. There is something in this book to please every member of your family. You'll meet all the Heath children and encounter with them such American institutions as the New Math and the episode of the riotous Car Pool. Don't miss her wonderfully entertaining views on soap operas or her recollections as a fund-raiser (successful and highly unorthodox) for Smith College. Her Christmas stories are authentic classics, especially the Heath's version of a Trapp Family Christmas. And don't miss Her "Baby in the Bathroom," "A Letter for Maureen" or "Politics and Mortal Sin." "Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?" captures perfectly Mrs. Heath's own vibrant spirit . . . the book is an absolute classic of tenderness and humanity. If you don't get another book this year, you'll be glad you got *this* one. You will find yourself enjoying it again and again, each time finding something new to delight you.

". . . outstanding for its vibrant humor and its light-hearted, bouyant spirit."—Twin Circle

"One of the funniest writers of our time . . ." —Houston Post

" . . . fiercely intelligent . . . tender without sentimentality, funny, and fully aware of the human condition."—Boston Evening Globe

". . . they [the stories] range from wise, quiet charm on through all the gradations of wit . . . Aloise had humor—a very rare commodity in these days of Black Power, white fright and the sovereign surtax."—Robert Lewis Taylor

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"The summoned newsman at first did not recognize that the object was the remains of a human. Then he turned away and rattled off two or three reasons from memory why he could not photograph or report such grisly occurrences.

"You may have noticed that I do not name the persons or organization responsible for this act. I'm afraid that if I said who the black-pajamaed bastards were, it would not receive notice."

■ Midyear already? We are sorry to report, in that case, that students who elected SOCIOLOGY 148a at Brandeis, may now continue into SOCIOLOGY 148b, and learn more about the Social Psychology of Consciousness, whatever that is, from Mr. Rosenberg, who specializes in it, who describes his course in the catalogue as follows: "The course will be organized around the concept of 'conscious energy' as revealed in some of the many programs designed to awaken higher levels of consciousness (e.g., Zen, Yoga, Sufism, psychedelic drugs, and the teachings of G. I. Gurdjieff). The course will include a workshop in Hatha Yoga." In SOCIOLOGY 148b, if you follow, Mr. Rosenberg guides "an exploration of ethnographic, historical and literary descriptions, as well as psychiatric research concerned with the uses of hallucinogenic drugs." Happily, Mr. Zola down the hall teaches SOCIOLOGY 213a, the Sociology of Fads and Foibles, a whopping dose wherewith we may yet understand Mr. Rosenberg's projects, or so one hopes until reading the catalogue on S of F&F and learning it will be "a seminar devoted to research and conceptualization in the whys and wherefores, the 'natural history' of acts labeled 'out' as well as 'in.' Individual and joint projects. Limited enrollment. Admission by consent of instructor."

■ The New Muckrakers continue to run amok. The coming issue of *Newsweek*, according to a radio commercial, "charges that Len Dawson [quarterback of the Kansas City Chiefs] received phone calls from known gamblers." Wow! But then, what's a quarterback to do when the phone rings? Pick it up and say, "Hello, unless you are a Known Gambler, in which case goodbye"? Anyhow, we're glad to go *Newsweek* one better. Right after the Super Bowl game, Len Dawson received a call from—the White House. Get it? "NATIONAL REVIEW charges that Richard M. Nixon . . . "

■ Lee Wiener, of the "Chicago Seven" (née Eight), is not letting the long hours in court interfere with business. He has had with him at the defense table a stack of posters carrying a nude photo of himself and a close friend named Sharon locked in love's embrace, with the motto: "Make a New Year's revolution, kids! It'll bring you closer together," and passes the time writing his autograph alongside Sharon's.

■ Yuletide jollity note (delayed in the mails): Residents of Chicago are unhappy with Christmas cards they received showing a black father asking his son what he wants for Christmas, and the son replying: "a machine gun, a shotgun, a box of grenades, a box of dynamite and a box of matches." The return address is Black Panther headquarters on West Madison Street.

■ When they aren't hard at work destroying their own institutions, college administrators like Bennington's president Edward Bloustein fan out across the land to instruct others to do likewise. Speaking before a convention of college presidents and deans in Houston, Texas Bloustein wept clichés: "Our young have lost faith in us and in the institutions, social and academic, which we represent." Could there have been a dry eye in the house? Not after Bloustein's "we college presidents are illegitimate in a constitutional sense" and have no "moral claim to leadership." But Bloustein has the cure. "Unless administrations are free to oppose an unjust war [said Bloustein, exercising that freedom] and to attack social injustice they cannot maintain the allegiance of their academic community." Unless they do so, he intoned, they leave themselves open to the "charge of hypocrisy or, worse yet, the charge of being morally and politically wed to the status quo." Well, we aren't wed to the status quo, and the first change we'd make would be at Bennington.

■ "One, two, three, four," chanted the cheerleaders. "Who are we for? PIGS!" It was the first annual Pig Bowl, matching the Ann Arbor Police force (Goats) against the Washtenaw County Sheriff's department (Pigs). The game was won by the Goats, 19-0. "We're the goats on a lot of occasions," said winning coach and Police Chief Walter Krasny, as he accepted the Pig Bowl Trophy, a hog-slopping bucket.

■ "Destruction not from war, but by drugs. Unless the young generation change their values and stop their drug addiction, tomorrow's society will degenerate. . . . " So warns—not Billy Graham, not John Mitchell, not Ann Landers, but Credo Vusamazulu Mutva, witchdoctor and

Our Nation's Capital

The homicides are up a third;
The rapes are up a fourth. You heard
About the Russian attaché?
The doorman stood just *steps* away . . .
A gal's a goose to lug a purse:
The bags get snatched (and vice-verse).
Department stores go dark by nine;
It's risky going out to dine.
Though liberals may make a face,
The nicest people carry Mace!
So, when those cherry buds uncurl,
Stay home; you're safer—thanks to Earl.

W. H. VON DREELE

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noted seer of South Africa. Maybe they'll listen to *him*.

■ Socialites join the struggle: Out in San Francisco the ladies are piling on the conservation bandwagon. Led by types such as Mrs. John Stevenson, Adlai's daughter-in-law, they've signed a pledge not to wear the furs of beaver, seals, lynx, sea-otters, cheetahs, leopards or colobus monkeys. There's an out, though. Rabbits, minks and zebras are okay. And they don't have to throw away those *old* furs. Jackie Kennedy Onassis was asked to sign up, and although she refused, Mrs. William Hamm, one of the leaders, rushed quickly to her defense. Jackie's "not socially irresponsible," Mrs. Hamm reportedly said. "She's just not particularly aware."

Hotter and Hotter

The United States and Israel differ on policy in the Middle East because they have different national interests. Israel, engaged in protracted conflict with the Arab states, seeks to retain strategic areas taken during the Six-Day War, and also to consolidate its seizure of East Jerusalem. No doubt it would prefer to achieve these goals through negotiation, but, since this is impossible, it is willing to rest its claims on force. The United States, in contrast, has both economic and strategic interests in the Arab world: hence, the recent Administration compromise proposals.

Reasonable enough from the perspective of the national interest, these proposals have created a sort of political riot. Rep. Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.) accused the Administration of appeasing the Arabs and planning the "betrayal" of Israel, though, he commented even-handedly, "some of my best friends are Arabs." Arthur Goldberg, transformed into a hard-liner, warned that "the American people" would not tolerate any "currying of favor" with the Arabs or with the Soviet Union at the expense of Israel. Charles Goodell blasted the Administration and wheeled hawkishly around in the political firmament. John Lindsay addressed a "Solidarity with Israel" rally at the Biltmore and reaffirmed the tough Middle Eastern stance of City Hall. Jacob Javits hurried off to Jerusalem, from which Allard Lowenstein and Theodore Sorensen have only recently returned. From Boston, Cardinal Cushing weighed in with a statement denouncing the Administration's proposals. Delegations of Jewish leaders pressured the White House, and maneuvering got under way to remove responsibility for Middle Eastern policy from the State Department and localize it in the White House, which is —correctly—regarded as more sensitive to political pressure. In California, Taft Schreiber, a Republican money-raiser and Reagan supporter, formed a committee to lobby the White House; and in an ad in the *N.Y. Times* one Jay Monroe, president of the Tensor Corporation, announced that he was withdrawing Tensor's account from Chase Manhattan because Chase Chairman David Rockefeller had been one of those who urged the Administration to improve U.S.-Arab relations.

Diplomatically, the Middle Eastern field of forces resembled nothing so much as one vast mobile, the movement of one part producing varied changes in the relations among all the others. France, a Mediterranean power with vital interests in the Arab world, has been making intensive efforts to extend its influence there. Accordingly, it has now announced the sale of fifty Mirage jet fighters to Libya, and has indicated that more might be on the way. In reply to U.S. criticism, the French say that the Russians have twice offered jets to the Libyan regime. But this deal chilled French-American relations, modifying the *rapprochement* which had been one of the Nixon Administration's noteworthy accomplishments. The Soviet Union, pursuing its own

Italian Melodrama

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ambiguous course, rejected the Administration proposals for a settlement. By implying that Syria must be brought into the "package" agreement, the Soviet Union said in effect that no agreement is possible at this time; though French spokesmen noted, correctly, that the Soviet note and the Administration proposals are close at many key points. For its part, Israel escalated militarily by bombing targets nine miles from Cairo, the closest raids to the capital since the 1967 war.

We have here the workings, more plainspoken by far than the events that led to Sarajevo, of a truly desperate impasse, and in this world it is great wars that lance great impasses. We must endeavor to seek rudimentary justice in the Middle East, and we should be prepared, as earnest of our concern, to guarantee the survival of Israel. But Israel has got either to conquer the Arab world once and for all—or to give evidence of a flexibility which alone is likely to be serious if Israel recognizes that the United States has national interests which are not in every respect coterminous with Israel's. And concerning the Arabs, the United States must move brusquely to simply remove from the discussion the possibility of the extermination of Israel. Secretary Rogers needs now a little explicit backing from the President of the United States.

Westward, Ho!

When you phone the Presidential offices in San Clemente, the operator answers "Western White House"—the point being that this is not a mere holiday retreat but an established institution of government. On the day before his 57th birthday Richard Nixon added an appropriate touch by registering—along with Pat and Tricia—as a voter in Orange County, California.

The choice seemed natural, and not only because Nixon was born there. The fundamental political fact of mid-twentieth-century America has been the shift of population, wealth and power westward. In *The Emerging Republican Majority* Kevin Phillips studies this phenomenon in definitive detail, but the whole process can be epitomized by San Diego. Within recent memory little more than a naval base, San Diego has now passed Boston in population, and is one of the nation's most active centers of advanced technology; about five thousand new jobs in computer and computer-related fields were created within the past two years, and during the 1960s employment in the area jumped 145 per cent. And it's not getting crowded; San Diego County is the size of Connecticut. Politically the effects of this shift have been highly visible: the nomination of Goldwater, the repeated rejection of Rockefeller by the national party, Nixon's own nomination and election by states outside the Northeast, with California playing a key role. In Orange County, by the way, liberals are something of a rarity. The voters there regularly and enthusiastically send to the state senate a genial ex-marine named John Schmitz, who is also the state organizer for the benighted John Birch Society; and Schmitz quips that he joined the Birch Society in order to appeal to the middle-of-the road vote in Orange County.

Conservation: High Priority

There is no doubt at all that conservation will be one of the big, indeed the charismatic issues of the 1970s, and a serious danger exists that the Left will gain control of the entire subject. If this is allowed to occur, the issue is so potent that the Left could well fashion out of it a unifying and winning national crusade.

This must not happen. As the very word itself suggests, "conservation" is intrinsically a conservative concern, though conservatives have often been hesitant about it or excessively rationalistic in their approach. A failure of initiative here, however, could be disastrous, because, especially in America, the issue of conservation touches the deepest emotions, and moves beneath the rational level to America's consciousness of its own meaning and identity.

The reasons why it does so are plain enough. Not long ago, as the histories of nations are measured, America was virgin land. This nation is unique in that it actually began only a short while ago at an identifiable point in time, before which there was only the great continent itself. The awareness of the Big Woods and the virgin prairies is a felt presence, if not always a conscious one, in the American psyche: this we know from our literature, from the novels of Cooper and the poetry of Whitman down to the present. "And as the moon rose higher," recalls Nick Carraway in *Gatsby*, "the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh green breast of the New World . . . for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent." The new continent, and the fresh start: At the very deepest level these are intertwined with the American sense of promise, and of possibility. Even an urban-based regime like that of John Kennedy called itself the New Frontier, for its rhetoricians knew instinctively that urban imagery had no comparable hold on the American psyche: they never considered calling it the New Bronx.

In consequence, the violation of the land, the violation of the natural environment generally, is felt without even the possibility of argument to be the quintessence of evil. In Faulkner's *Sanctuary* we know at once when the urban and degenerate Popeye urinates into the stream that he is surely subhuman; and Eliot's polluted wasteland Thames, which subsumes the "strong brown god," the Mississippi of his St. Louis boyhood, is, in its pollution, the perfect symbol of man's depravity.

For America, then, conservation is likely to be a powerful, indeed an overriding *spiritual* issue, which

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A Bill of Indictment

The families of American servicemen held prisoner, or presumed held, by North Vietnam have known all along of the inhuman conditions under which the men have been suffering. They have kept silent fearing that publicity might provoke rather than soften Hanoi. But Hanoi has done nothing, and Groups of Nearest of Kin have now decided to carry the truth to the global public.

When Vietnam was divided after the defeat of the French, both South and North Vietnam agreed formally to abide by the Geneva Convention for the treatment of prisoners of war. This was to apply irrespective of whether the hostilities might be declared war or not.

The North Vietnamese have refused again and again to live up to the Convention on the pretext that their prisoners are criminals. They have released a total of twelve Americans. Two or three were sorely sick or wounded. The information given in this indictment comes from these ex-prisoners.

The North Vietnamese have absolutely refused to list those whom they hold prisoner, although occasionally a few have been publicized when North Vietnam desired to make propaganda. About 1,350 Americans are either prisoners or missing in action in North Vietnam. Of these, approximately four hundred have been either positively or tentatively identified as prisoners. Some have been held as long as five years.

Hanoi has repeatedly refused inspection of the prisoner camps by the Red Cross or any other neutral authority interested in assuring the prisoners' welfare. The only visits have been by highly uncritical groups for propaganda purposes.

The men in each camp are almost entirely isolated, both from those in other camps and from those in their own. Isolation appears to be a key tactic in an attempt to wear down a prisoner's spirit by sheer loneliness and monotony. Practically all have been kept in repeated solitary confinement for months on end.

Upon capture, most of the prisoners are subjected to an interrogation as savage as those of Dr. Goebbels' Nazis—standing as much as 48 hours without food or water under blinding lights, constantly questioned and frequently beaten. Some have been hung by their arms for long periods, burned with lighted cigarettes, and had fingernails pulled out. They have, even though grievously wounded, been paraded through the streets and stoned by the populace.

It is difficult to compare the prisoners' food with that of the average North Vietnamese, but it is terribly monotonous and barely sufficient to be sustaining. In the summer, it is nothing but two meals a day of soupy pumpkin with hog fat and some bread. In the winter, there is a little more variety. In any case, it must become revolting to a civilized stomach before long. All the prisoners have lost considerable weight, some dangerously so.

The medical care has been barely adequate. One officer recently freed, having been wounded in the right arm, had half the arm cut off by North Vietnamese doctors. He is thankful it wasn't the whole arm, but not for the metal fragments his captors neglected to remove. Not until he was freed two years later and he was treated by U.S. surgeons, did his wounds heal. The best that can be said for the medical treatment is that there have been no known deaths among the prisoners, but emphasis must be placed on the word "known."

Hanoi handles mail in the most capricious way. No packages were permitted prisoners until Christmas 1968, with a limit of just over six pounds. Many items were removed. All recreational material, books, cards, games of any kind, was withheld.

A few men have received mail from time to time, but not all. In many cases it is unknown whether a man, held for years, has ever gotten any. Only about one hundred families have ever received mail from their men. The letters are very short, about postcard length, and confined to health and family greetings.

As stated earlier, isolation and utter boredom are being used as weapons. There is no general mixing or exercise for the men in a camp. Even at the "Hanoi Hilton," recreation is confined to occasional raking of leaves and a little flower gardening. A Christmas service was held last year, but the men were required to look rigidly ahead in order not to be able to recognize who else was present. The only reading permitted is Communist. The only radio is Hanoi Hannah's propaganda. The only exercise is the calisthenics a man may do in his room.

PUNISHMENTS were passed out in a way that made no sense to the repatriates. For no apparent reason they have been beaten and then confined alone for weeks in a very small room with no ventilation except small holes in a metal roof. Under the blazing summer sun this soon became an oven.

The prisoners are subjected to heavy pressure, even torture, to make statements that their treatment is humane and lenient. At least one was deprived of sleep, beaten, had nails pulled out, and was confined alone in a dark cell for 38 days before he succumbed. He then intentionally appeared before the press in a way that put across his message: "I do this only because of the torture I have undergone."

The above is a factual portrayal of what the North Vietnamese call "Humane Treatment." In the Paris discussions they have flatly refused to modify their position one iota. Their barbarism needs to be exposed to the scorn of the civilized world.

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it would be political suicide to concede to the Left. Already, especially on the campus, the Left has added conservation to its arsenal of weapons against capitalism, which—so the argument runs—in addition to killing Vietnamese and inhumanly exploiting the Third World, has all but destroyed our landscape and polluted our environment. Only socialism, therefore, can save the situation. Needless to say, the condition of Lake Baikal in Siberia goes unmentioned. Quackery and hysteria increasingly characterize the conservation discussion. Mankind, we are informed, is headed for extinction; and some scientists give us only until the year 2000—a round number that sticks in the mind.

As this issue comes to the fore, the rhetoric will be more suffocating than the smog and harder to escape—not to speak of the plant-ins, breathe-ins, drink-ins and so forth that are undoubtedly in the offing. The Left is sustained by causes, by demonstrations, and by ads in the *New York Times*: all the familiar names of the virtuous will be there on the page. Yet the real problems of conservation are difficult, usually technical, and often expensive to solve. The heart of the matter is not capitalism or socialism, but technology. The more energetic our technology, the more waste-products we produce: Waste, paradoxically, is a measure of our success. Poor countries have no conservation problems, in the sense we are talking about.

Correctives can be devised. Mechanisms are now being designed, for example, which will reduce to one-fifth of current levels the polluting effect of cars; of course the consumer will have to pay for them. "Soft" detergents are already reducing water pollution, though phosphates, for which no substitute has been found, still encourage algae growth. More expensive treatment of sewage, stricter regulations for industry and transportation, more comprehensive zoning regulations to reduce uglification and urban sprawl—all such measures, equitably designed, deserve conservative support and indeed should flow from conservative initiatives. Two of the shrewdest Republican politicians in the land, Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, are already moving to take positions of leadership on the conservation issue. As President Nixon's science adviser, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, observed last week, "The cheapest way isn't going to be acceptable any more."

Cookson, *London Evening News* Ben Roth Agency

". . . On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me . . ."

The End of Biafra

"Let them keep their blood money," said Major General Yakubu Gowon, Nigerian head of state, of those relief agencies waiting to rush food to what is left of Biafra's starving Ibo population.

And so the thirty-month war is over, and there is no longer a Biafra. And not too many Biafrans. There were once fourteen million, mostly members of the Ibo tribe. Now there are about four million, fleeing from the front to nowhere, awaiting the massacres they believe are inevitable. Harold Wilson tells us that there will be no massacre. Harold Wilson has been wrong before.

The Nigerian federal army is made up mostly of Hausa tribesmen who loathe the Ibos. The Hausas are Moslems, the Ibos Christians, and before the war Ibos were widely recognized as the most capable within the Nigerian federation. They took the best jobs, controlled the richest section of the nation, and refused to honor the Prophet. Secession came in 1966 when the Hausas took out their frustrations by murdering forty thousand Ibos.

The Biafrans fought brilliantly, but they were fated to lose for several reasons, chief among them massive military supplies to the federal government from Britain and Russia. But the most important weapon was hunger. Even the troops on the line, according to Father Thomas Cunningham of the Catholic relief organization which flew daily planeloads of relief into Biafra, received only three skimpy meals per week. "Mass starvation is . . . the immediate cause of Biafra's defeat," said Father Cunningham.

Mass starvation. We've seen the pictures. Babies little more than skeletons being fed intravenously. Children with bloated bellies dying in streets, too weak to crawl, people stepping over them.

Something similar happens every few decades. Italians slaughter Ethiopians, Russians slaughter Finns, and no one does anything. Not because each of us doesn't feel deep moral revulsion, but because no matter how horrible it sounds, legitimate moral outrage must often be subordinated to national and international interests. And this is what happened in Biafra.

It simply served no Western interests to support

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Biafra. The nations of Africa are still largely artificial constructs, agglomerations of traditionally hostile tribes glued together with the most watery of cements. And the people who are paid to think about such things believe that support for Biafra would set a precedent which might encourage the tribal Balkanization of the continent. And Nigeria is especially important to the West, potentially the most prosperous and powerful pro-Western nation in black Africa.

The Russians understand this, of course, and they stand ready to exploit any rifts between Nigeria and the free world. Although the British largely supplied the federal government, the Russians quickly provided the glamor weapons—fast light tanks and jet planes. And one recent visitor to Lagos reports that stores there are full of Soviet goods.

And so it would have been poor international politics to give overt aid to the Biafrans. But they were such a damned gallant people, and although completely outgunned and outmanned and outprovisioned, by far the better fighters. And had any big power decided to supply arms, they would probably have won the war. And without a doubt, nationhood.

But it's over now, and our national interests have probably been well served by neutrality. Those pictures won't fade rapidly however, and we had better do everything in our power to avert those massacres. Conscience is not elastic, and one regrets deeply the necessity to attempt to stretch it for the sake of such abstractions as the virtue of centralization and sphere-of-influence politics.

Goals or Quotas?

Last September in Philadelphia, Labor Secretary George Schultz tried out the Administration's plan to promote the hiring of Negroes on federally financed construction projects. The Philadelphia Plan requires that firms bidding on government construction contracts of over $500,000 must attempt in "good faith" to make Negroes 20 per cent of their total labor force.

First reactions to the plan were predictable. Conservative Republicans and labor officials demanded that it not be put into effect until the courts ruled on its constitutionality. And Comptroller General Elmer Staats pointed out that the plan clearly violated the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which bars racial quota systems.

In the great December rush for adjournment, conservative Republicans and Democrats from powerful labor states decided to kill it. Senator Gordon Allott tacked a rider onto a supplemental appropriations bill, prohibiting federal spending on "any contract or agreement which the Comptroller General of the United States holds to be in contravention of any federal statute."

The first time around, the Senate approved the rider 52 to 37. But then the Administration opened up with the big guns. The President told the press that he wanted the plan, and Secretary Schultz called the Senate vote "a blow against social justice." The plan, he insisted, involved "goals," not "quotas."

Unconvincing. But Republican congressmen swallowed their anger, lined up behind the Administration, and killed the rider. And the Senate reversed itself, thus legitimizing the Philadelphia Plan.

The plan will shortly be put into effect in six more cities, and the courts are expected soon to rule on whether the minority hirings are "goals" or "quotas." And in the meantime, President Nixon has some explaining to do to Republican legislators.

The chances are good, of course, that the courts will throw the whole thing out. And meanwhile, it embarrasses those Democrats who lust after both black and labor bloc votes. But given the current mood of the courts, there is also a chance that the plan will be found constitutional. And if it is, it will set a very bad precedent indeed, for there will be no reason not to insist that racial quotas be imposed on all businesses engaged in interstate commerce. The *New York Times* employs something like two Negroes for every hundred whites.

Too Bad

Dr. John A. Morsell, assistant executive director of the NAACP, is an honest man and a distinguished scholar, not at all the sort of person one would expect to engage in a ritualistic attribution of anti-Negroism to the Nixon Administration—as he has done, citing the nomination of Judge Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court. Nothing in Judge Haynsworth's record suggests that he is inimical to Negroes, though his view of the Constitution does not coincide in every particular with that of Earl Warren. Morsell even found himself engaging in a defense of the Black Panthers. While admitting that they arouse hostility among whites, they also, he said, "produced a pride in race which many elements of the Negro community needed"—a defense which could just as easily be offered for the Hitler Youth. How does a scholar find himself saying things of this sort? When he turns himself into a Spokesman. Especially a Spokesman

Biafra Falls

It's over. Let us offer thanks
To British cash and Russian tanks.
The oil, so precious to the health
Of Britain and the Commonwealth,
Is safe again with British Shell.
The Ibos may not fare so well,
But Harold Wilson says he'll chide
All victors bent on genocide.
It's curious: Above the stench,
Untypically, stand the French.

W. H. VON DREELE

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for a large and respectable organization worried about the charisma enjoyed by minuscule groups of extremists like the Panthers. But playing such a role isn't very dignified. Remember Alexander Pope's lines on the subservient courtier? "I am her Highness' dog at Kew;/ Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

Like It Is

Early this month Specialist 5 Robert Lawrence, once the manager of a civilian radio station, interrupted his regular Saigon news telecast for the Armed Forces Network in Vietnam (AFVN) with the following special announcement: "As a newsman, I am dedicated to giving the public news and events worldwide and on the local level. I am pledged to tell the truth at all times, and I will always tell the truth either in the military or as a civilian. In the military in Vietnam I have found that a newscaster at AFVN is not free to tell the truth and in essence to tell it like it is. . . . We have been suppressed and I'm probably in trouble for telling you tonight the truth." The Army moved against Lawrence the next day. Within a week he was served with court-martial charges stemming from an earlier, unrelated incident of alleged insubordination that his superiors chose suddenly to recall.

The Lawrence case is not the only one of its kind. According to *Newsweek*, "In the past six months, at least five enlisted men have either quit or been fired by AFVN for statements they made about censorship. . . . A new breed of outspoken military newsmen in Saigon seems convinced that even a reporter wearing a uniform should be totally free to call the shots as he sees them."

But to be an information specialist in the Armed Forces is not to be a reporter for a newsmagazine. In fact, the military news media are part of what the Armed Forces call their "*internal* information program." AFVN and the rest, far from serving as the military equivalents of NBC or *Newsweek* and focusing their attentions on the outside world, are rather more like "house organs" in the civilian sphere, those company newsletters that tell what's doing on the inside and try to rally the loyalties of the employees. That is what the military's internal information program is supposed to do. That is what everyone has always expected it to do, until some ex-newsmen got restive in their new military jobs and the predominantly antiwar civilian media began egging the insurgents on.

Sp/5 Lawrence, however innocent his intentions, misinterprets his duties when he supposes that even though he now wears a uniform he remains, in his own words, a "newsman." He is a soldier, and his job is to perform the tasks assigned to him by men who are performing tasks assigned to them. The single object of all their endeavors is to accomplish the mission, and that means that no majors or lieutenants—and certainly no Specialist 5s—are totally free to call the shots.

Notes & Asides

THE EDITORS OF NATIONAL REVIEW
TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING
THAT
WALTER A. CHUMA, ESQUIRE
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
IS THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER OF NR'S
PROPHET OF THE YEAR CONTEST

Mr. Chuma guessed correctly 22 of the 25 questions posed. So also, as it happened, did eleven other persons miss only three. But on the quantitative question Mr. Chuma was the closest, guessing that *NR*'s circulation would stand at 119,970 (it stood at 128,154). A check for $500, with our congratulations, will go out in the next few days.

The runner-up is Mr. M. M. Bay, of Fairfax, Virginia, who has won $250.

And the third is Mr. Daniel Norris, of Malvern, Penna., who wins $100.

The others who missed only three (in order of rank on the numerical question) were Mrs. Dale Vree of Berkeley, Calif., Rex Woods of Houston, Tex., C. N. West of Wellesley, Mass., Bill Sullivan Jr. of Washington, D.C., W. Alan Barr of San Francisco, Bill Sparks of Poland, Ohio, Jeannine Senechal, of Seattle (the editors were rooting for her because she put down our circulation figure at 1,187,949), Dr. Edward Beirne Jr. of Chesterfield, Va., and Mrs. Joseph Dabbs of Stone Mountain, Ga. (who put our circulation at four million, but we figured she was putting us on). Among old friends and acquaintances: James L. Buckley, who missed six, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, counsel to NATIONAL REVIEW, who missed nine; and Mr. Neil McCaffrey, president of the Conservative Book Club, who missed ten. Not so hot as a political prophet, but get this: He guessed our circulation would be 128,128.

The Prophet of the Year Contest for 1970 will be published in the next issue.

■ Bill: How should we handle—We got a telegram about three weeks ago: Did we know that Anna Louise Strong was being made professor of Environmental Studies at U. of Pennsylvania. We called the U. of Pa. Yes, indeed she was a professor and had been for a while. Odd, said we, we thought she was still in China, and printed an item relating the above. Well, as it turns out the professor of Environmental Studies at the U. of Penn. is a young lady of thirty whose name is: Ann Louise Strong. And the lady we talked to in their press office, never having heard of Anna Louise Strong (the McLuhan generation

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again), thought that we had just gotten the name a little wrong. No one has complained but I think we probably should set the record straight. —Pitts

■ Come one, come all New Yorkers interested in nine lectures on the Conservative Mind sponsored by New York University, under the general direction of Lawrence Chickering, Wednesdays from 8-10, beginning February 11. Guest lecturers: Will Herberg, Jeffrey Hart, John Coyne, Ernest van den Haag, Felix-Ramon Neals, Henry Hazlitt, James Burnham, William Rusher, Franz Winkler. Inquire: Room #21, 1 Washington Square North, New York 10003, or telephone 598-2373.

■ On the matter of What Makes a "Conservative" (as in the classic from the *New York Times* of a few months ago to the effect that conservatives in the Kremlin were cracking down on the importation of books from America, and had most recently proscribed *The Conscience of a Conservative* by Barry Goldwater)—another classic. Issue of Jan 13, *NY Times*, story by Paul Hofmann. "VIENNA. The Czechoslovak government said today it had uncovered a Trotskyite plot aimed at 'overthrowing the existing political system.' . . . The Trotskyite label seemed to indicate that ultra-conservatives had resorted to clandestine methods in their fight against the leadership and particularly against the party's First Secretary, Dr. Gustav Husak. Specialists suggested that the label stood for leftist, or pro-Peking tendencies within the opposition to Dr. Husak. . . . The populace was apparently astonished to hear about an alleged leftist conspiracy after having been warned for many years against rightist opportunism, meaning liberalizing tendencies."

■ Lawrence K. Miller, Editor
The Berkshire Eagle
Eagle Publishing Company
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Miller: I should have thought that you put a high enough value on your readers to protect them against columns written by a "notorious antisemite." In the event that that isn't the case, you are less fastidious than I am. Because I would not want to be associated with any newspaper disposed to tolerate among its regular writers a notorious antisemite. Under the circumstances, a) you should fire me because you believe the characterization of me by [the columnist] George Connelly (your issue of Oct. 6, 1969) to be true; or b) you will disavow the charge and apologize for having printed the libel, and perhaps take the opportunity to say what is your policy towards columnists who pass their libels through your pages; or c) I shall—just to begin with—instruct my syndicate to withdraw my column effective immediately.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Dear Mr. Buckley: Thank you for your letter of October 13 addressed to Lawrence K. Miller. In response thereto, the marked item enclosed was appended to the October 20 column of Professor George G. Connelly.

Yours obediently,
Robert B. Kimball
Assistant to the Editor

Enclosure: "Apology. Prof. Connelly, in a column of Oct. 6 based in part on an article by Gore Vidal in the September issue of *Esquire,* imputed antisemitism to William F. Buckley Jr. Upon examination of all available evidence . . . an apology is tendered Mr. Buckley on behalf of our columnist and this newspaper.—Ed."

Lawrence K. Miller, Editor
The Berkshire Eagle

Dear Mr. Miller: I note that not only are you too busy to prevent your columnists from submitting libels, you are also too busy to take the time personally to apologize to the victim for publishing them. I note also that the normally verbose Mr. Connelly is suddenly struck dumb, leaving it to others to apologize to me on his behalf.

I am not disposed to have dealings with such people: not even professional dealings. On the other hand I do not wish to satisfy myself at the expense of such of your readers as desire to read my column. Under the circumstances, I shall continue to send you my column on the regular basis, on the understanding that you will not henceforward pay any money for it. I shall myself absorb the cost of mailing. Perhaps you and Mr. Connelly can meet and giggle together at this demonstration that crime can, after all, pay.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ On the Causes of Alienation:
(From *TODAY* show, Dec. 30, 1969)

Barbara Walters: When we talked four years ago, you admitted that you were still quite thin-skinned, that criticism of your husband affected you. It doesn't any more?

Mrs. John Lindsay: I've gotten now so that really it—and I know the kind of man he is, and I know the kind of job he's done.

Walters: You've changed, because I remember that William Buckley four years ago had—

Mrs. Lindsay: Oh, he still makes me mad.

Walters: Does he, really?

Mrs. Lindsay: Oh, yes, he still makes me mad.

Walters: Why does he and not Mr. Procaccino?

Mrs. Lindsay: Because he's such an irritating personality, and I just find him irritating under all circumstances.

Walters: I remember asking you what you would do if somebody sat you next to him.

Mrs. Lindsay: Oh, I remember that, yes.

Walters: You'd get the flu, you said, or a headache.

Mrs. Lindsay: Yes, I'd get the flu or—

Laryngitis? —WFB

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WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

LETTERS TO WM. F. BUCKLEY Odyssey of a Friend

Part Two

Aug. 2, 1955

Dear Bill,

I listened last night to friendly radio recaps of Senator McCarthy's speech.[1] I think the speech was a disaster, timing, phrasing, tone, almost everything wrong with it. And with it, I think, the Senator just about swept what is left of his public career under the rug.

I go on at this length for two reasons. 1) For the Right to tie itself in any way to Senator McCarthy is suicide. Even if he were not what, poor man, he has become, he can't lead anybody because he can't think. He is a rabblerouser and a slugger. The next step is not leadership. It is the voice of some blandly hypocritical Cicero asking: "*Quōusque tandem abutere nostra patientia, Catalina?*"[2] 2) This issue touches you and me closely. On my side, it is absolute. McCarthy as a man, a man of pathos, maimed and forever crippled in spirit and career by men no better than he—that man I would gladly comfort—as a fellow man. Of McCarthy as politician I want no part. He is a raven of disaster, and an irresponsible, headstrong bird, to boot.

If the West can find no voice better than Senator McCarthy's to rally its cause, or even to lead its forlorn hope, then, as I said to you here, the West must have lost that creative virtue, the loss of which spells doom for those who have lost it. Think of it: in this great power, the Right can find no voice to speak for it except Senators McCarthy and Knowland. And, in all the rest of the world, half a dozen old men, if so many, tottering toward their graves. This is the chart of the abyss.

As always,
Whittaker

In mid-September, Willi Schlamm and I visited Chambers, attempting to get from him a formal commitment to join the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW. *We failed —as I sensed at that point that we would. Chambers gave, as his formal reason for declining, the matter of his health. His true reason was his fear of association with a journal whose editors entertained doubts about Richard Nixon's fitness to succeed Eisenhower. Eisenhower had suffered his heart attack a few days before our meeting, and it was generally assumed that he would not run again for office in 1956.*

Sept. 21??, 1955

Dear Bill,

My decision not to come aboard [does not] mean, as you say, that our differences are greater than our area of agreement. I believe you are profoundly mistaken. The area of our agreement seems to me to be organic, beyond reason or dogma, in the sense that both of us hold that socialism is death to what we feel makes life worth living. I feel this, further with an intensity, perhaps even a ferocity, natural enough to a man who feels that he has fought his way to this from among the wild beasts at Ephesus or where you will. If the Right means anything at all in this rump of the world in collapse, I am of the bloody tissue of it. We read the score in so much the same way from moment to moment, that it is scarcely worth comparing our views. We differ when it comes to what to do about it. We differ radically. This difference, not the area of agreement, is at issue. I am passing no moral judgment on your project. I am appraising certain tactical, or, if you prefer, practical, considerations that divorce me from it. The term *Realpolitik* has nothing to do with the case. At worst, it is a dead cat, and it is wide of the target. It simply does not carry into the atmosphere in which the differences operate, and is itself a token of the discrepancy.

Could I join you, that might end my loneliness; it might spell hope. It is, in fact, the great temptation. My decision is, therefore, made across the tug of that temptation. I wish nothing so much as that experience may prove my judgments wrong. I wish your success. I believe that you will be more successful without me. I shall not quickly forget, either, that you, and you alone, generously offered me something in this world. That does not make my decision easier.[3]

As always,
Whittaker

I have burned a book half the size of *Witness*, and consider it one of my best deeds.

1. Analyzing President Eisenhower's trip to Geneva for a summit meeting with Khrushchev.
2. How long will you continue to try our patience, Cataline?
3. The first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW was published six weeks later.

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Jan. 3, 1956

Dear Bill,

Much of the ordeal of 1955 for me had to do with matters that no one, so far as I know, thought about. It had to do with my inability to fix the meaning of the current period of experience in some communicable way. I knew the fault lay in me. So that, all the while I was trying to write, I was simply trying to grow. Thus, for me, success always was negative, and lay in my firmness in destroying almost everything I wrote as fast as I wrote it. I have burned a book half the size of *Witness*, and consider it one of my best deeds. Esther had to leave me alone one day while she went to town to shop. I was still very sick. But, one of my nightmares was that I might die and then someone would find that *ms.* and be stupid enough to publish it. So I made my way down to my workroom and burned it. Physically, I felt a good deal worse for the jaunt; in other ways, I felt a whole lot better. Then, toward the end of my worst physical phase, I seemed to climb out of the defile. I seemed to burst into our fourth-dimensional world, and to know why it was so, and that I had finally left behind the three-dimensional past. At least, I still have this illusion. The test will come when I start to put it into words. I use the unanchored terms, three- and four-dimensional. I could say: We are in the period of the Third Rome. But I doubt that that would mean much more. I might also say that George Orwell was a good deal more than *Time*'s "Books" writer allowed him (in a review of a Kipling biography): "George Orwell, the grey conscience of the Left." *1984* was Orwell's fourth dimension. No one else, not even Koestler, has pushed so far into the year after next. Why don't you get somebody to do you a piece on Orwell? It is a pity to leave him to the Left. He stands head and shoulders above all such divisions. Besides, the Left is made very uneasy with him, which, as often happens with frightened birds, results in a peristaltic vengeance.

Orwell's essay on Kipling seems to me much the best on that subject; much better than Eliot's.

As always,
Whittaker

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Jan. 17??, 1956

Dear Bill,

About half the packages that reach this house remain unopened because, after a while, I got tired of finding that they almost always contained the *Book of Mormon*. So we have all taken just to filing them anywhere. "Another *Book of Mormon* for you," Esther will say. "Aren't you going to open it?" Later, it gets put somewhere. Today, wandering about briefly in my bathrobe and slippers, I came on an unopened package in a most extraordinary place. There must once have been a mailing wrapper on the package. But that had been removed, so that some brown ribbons had come away from the gift paper. "Somebody's Christmas present we forgot to send?" I thought; and, for that reason, and almost no other, I opened it. It was a book and I began to read. First, I was incredulous because neither life nor the human soul can sustain this play. Then I took it to bed with me. Then the hoots began, the hollers, the gasps and at last just the kind of ho! ho! ho! that floats over the swing doors of barrooms on sleepy happy days when men are telling: "Go it, old lady! Go it, bear!" The unusual sounds got downstairs and Esther came up, wildly alarmed. She laid her hand upon the epileptic on the bed, and said: "You mustn't, you mustn't." And, in fact, it was very hard on the heart. For, though I had laid down the book, my laughter had got uncontrollable, simply a wave motion. Of course, I had discovered, after these many months, Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution.*

It was a book and I began to read. First, I was incredulous because neither life nor the human soul can sustain this play. Then the hoots began, the hollers, the gasps and at last just the kind of ho! ho! ho! that floats over the swing doors of barrooms on sleepy happy days when men are telling: "Go it, old lady! Got it, bear!" Of course, I had discovered, after these many months, Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution.*

Thank you, thank you. I assure you the description above is not overdone. It doesn't come near suggesting the chain laughter that this book unlooses. Thank God, I lived to read it, and, if I die laughing at it, which is simply not impossible, I shall feel it was worth every gasp and snort. But I tremble for my country when I remember that God has at last permitted the Americans to produce an authentic wit. Here is justice indeed; and Jarrell is as certain a sign of the end as I am. This book cannot be as wonderful as it seems to me. Yet no book written has ever moved me to such laughter. If there were such a thing as a literary *Ritterkreuz* [knight's cross], I should ask only that I be allowed to slip it about his neck. But, no, I should be the worst of celebrants. For I should remember something from the book—Flo Whittaker's ensembles or "vat ve shpeak ven de Shtadt has videred avay" and I should burst out laughing and not be able to shtop: and that would mar the ceremony and cause people to glance very oddly at me.

As always,
Whittaker

April 2, 1956

Dear Bill,

If you have patience, I think I should try to make clear to you why I plan to go south. It isn't because I want to go: I'd rather stay put. It isn't because I want to see anything in particular—I completely lack the tourist flair. I want to try to write a book. I wrote a good deal of it under the title: *The Losing Side*. Then I changed titles. Brent Bozell once questioned me about what I was writing (I dislike talking about such things), asked me what I was calling it, expressed distaste at the title change and asked why I had shifted from *The Losing Side* to *Cold Friday* (the name of one of the fields on this farm in the survey map). I answered: "In history, the losing side is always a minority. But today the whole world has reached Cold Friday." I am sure BB was unconvinced.

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But *Cold Friday* it is. I need more than peace to write it in. I need to be cut off from all I have been in too long. I feel that a severance is due. To a large extent, the severance will simply mark a grave. Practically all that held me here has died or petered out. The children are gone; the farm has lost its logic. I want to cut off. I want warmth, the kind of seclusion that comes from being a stranger among strangers. I want quiet and, above all, the backward glance. I have in mind a short book, the last book. Whether I outlive it long or not is completely unimportant: pointless. The advance copy I submitted to Random House carried a legend which tells more about the book and its mood and my southward thoughts than I need labor. It is the first line of *Prometheus Bound* and goes like this: "Power (to his companion, Force, and to their prisoner, Prometheus): We have come to the last path of the world, in the Scythian country, in the untrodden solitude." It is my translation into English of the noble French translation of Leconte Delisle. I know that "solitude" means "wilderness." I prefer "solitude."

Even so little, to a man circumstanced as he is, means the difference at moments between hope and no hope; means sometimes Golconda, the power to buy the cup of coffee he otherwise could not buy, to sit for a while in the restaurant he must otherwise look in at but not enter. Believe me, he will know. And he will know that someone else knows, and that is often more important than the pennies.

That is what I am up to; and where better to be up to it than in view of Ixtacihuatl, or, as Esther and I have come to call this last fool's errand: "Tizihuihuatl." I have shifted practical gears several times. I suppose what I want, on one practical side, is three or four rooms (furnished), ground floor, on a patio with a banana palm and a zonzontle in a cage on the wall. I daresay a Bryn Mawr sophomore would not permit herself such romanticism. But old men can.

As always,
Whittaker

July 28, 1956

Dear Bill,

The Suez seizure is, obviously, one of the most serious matters to date. But a point is reached when nothing is left the individual man but to enjoy the game *qua* game, cheering the good plays, hooting the stinkos, laughing at the errors. But with complete detachment, if not, indeed, levity. In that sporting spirit, I find this episode hugely funny. I thought so from the start, but discovery of the fact that, at this historical moment, Mr. Dulles was in Peru (what on earth could have taken him there—hints from the Incas on how to lose an empire?) and that, on winging back to Wash., his winged words were that Nasser's action "is a blow to international confidence"—well, I just stood up and cheered. It isn't every day that an earthquake is described as a slight drift of sand, or that those for whom the executioner waits can sum up in one perfect phrase the reason why they are waiting and the executioner is coming, or vice versa.

As always,
Whittaker

Oct. 8??, 1956

Dear Bill,

It was miserable watching you go off in the fog, condemned to the long drive through that, and , afterwards, the slow night train to N.Y. I lay awake a good while thinking of this. When I woke again, I was just conscious that day was breaking. But then my mind, still half asleep, was filled with an image. It was the mountainsides of a valley covered with cherry and plum trees in bloom. I seemed to be circling above them. I knew (as one does vaguely in such cases) that this was the valley of the Vardar, and that those trees had been blooming, spring after spring, immemorially. Then, consciousness growing stronger, I realized that this image was due to the *Life* piece, which my mind had been busy with, no doubt, even while I was asleep. This was Tito's country, and the image was the everlasting truth behind all the changes and confusions of politics—the blooming trees. Of course, Tito is a Croat and the Vardar is Serb; but that does not change the meaning. Fully awake, at last, my mind switched instantly to you and your journey and the hope that it had not been too dismal. Such a visit as yours means more to us here than I can attempt to tell you. There are not many,

We do not know how clearly the Czar foresaw what was to happen. But we know that the Czarina did. For, shortly before it happened, she wrote a friend: "The Bridegroom cometh." Among the terrible lines of this age (I can think at once of several others) this one touches the place above our hearts with an icy finger.

as you heard said last night, whom we look forward to seeing. But to have one of those come gives us a new hold on life.

As always,
Whittaker

The enclosure is for Eudocio Ravines.[4] Will you send it to him; it is not necessary to name its source. It is insultingly little. In fact, I have not got that little to give. But even so little, to a man circumstanced as he is, means the difference at moments between hope and no hope; means sometimes Golconda, the power to buy the cup of coffee he otherwise could not buy, to sit for a while in the restaurant he must otherwise look in at but not enter. Believe me, he will know. And he will know that someone else knows, and that is often more important than the pennies.

Oct. 9??, 1956

Dear Bill,

I cannot refrain from offering an incident, offering it in all humility as of a man before minds that he respects *au fond*. The fate of the Russian imperial family was sealed when Lloyd George, moved by Labor and related sentiment, withdrew the British offer of asylum. So the Romanovs were moved, largely for safekeeping, to Tobolsk. The Bolsheviks moved them back to Ekaterinaburg and kept them, closely guarded, in a dwelling called the House of Special Purpose. We do not know how clearly the Czar foresaw what was to happen. But we know that the Czarina did. For, shortly before it happened, she wrote a friend: "The Bridegroom cometh." Among the terrible lines of this age (I can think at once of several others) this one touches the place

4. I had mentioned seeing the ex-Communist writer, Eudocio Ravines, in Paris. He was writing free-lance columns for Latin American newspapers at $1 per column. The enclosure was a $20 bill.

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above our hearts with an icy finger. When the family were called to the cellar of the House of Special Purpose, the Czar was carrying the Czarevitch, who was too ill to walk. Yurovsky was armed with two revolvers, one in each hand. He seems to have fired first; the Czarevitch was only wounded and had to be dispatched with a second shot. The other bullet marks are curiously low on the cellar wall, so that it is inferred that, at Yurovsky's shots, the Czarina and her daughters fell to their knees. Some of the guards had been German prisoners. This line was found scratched on a wall of one of the rooms: *Belsazar ward in selbiger Nacht/Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.*[5] It is, of course, a line of Heine's. Automobile engines had been kept running (a common practice) to drown the sound of the shots in the cellar. But, on the farther side of the house, two guards heard the shots. One said to the other "*Panyol?*" (You understand?) The other answered "*Panyol.*" (I understand.) As always,
Whittaker

Nov. 6, 1956

Dear Bill,

(Here you telephoned.) So I shall skip Orwell altogether. As you noticed, I skipped nimbly away, too, when you mentioned Suez. I hope you are right and that a bomb has not been planted at the heart of history whose ticking

I suppose you know that Wagner wrote the *Ring* as an allegory of capitalism. People have got so used to the upholstered mortuary of Bayreuth that they have forgotten the future composer of *Parsifal*, leading the revolt of the Leipzig garrison side by side with—I know it's too much, but it's true—Bakunin.

will mark the pulse beat of the Arab East, from Casablanca to Jakarta, and for how long, knows only Allah. What is it Hagen cries at the end: "*Zuröck vom Ringe!*"—Get away from the ring! But even the best of baritones usually has trouble making himself heard over the fate motif, as the risen Rhine sweeps on to Valhalla burning, and the Curse is fulfilled. I suppose you know that Wagner wrote the *Ring* as an allegory of capitalism. People have got so used to the upholstered mortuary of Bayreuth that they have forgotten the future composer of *Parsifal*, leading the revolt of the Leipzig garrison side by side with—I know it's too much, but it's true—Bakunin. The fuses that lead from Leipzig to Budapest are exceeding long, exceeding complex; and the little flame seemed to have died in the tube long after it was still traveling toward the charge. My wife (listening to the reports about Budapest on Sunday[6]) suddenly: "Why don't they stop those horrible commercials? Why don't the (radio) stations simply pray? Why doesn't everybody simply pray to God for the Hungarians? Oh, poor people, poor, poor people!" Then she rocked back and forth not to give way to her grief. I was going to say: "It is the voice of the West. But, no: it is the voice of counter-revolution. What does the West know of revolution or counter-revolution, hope or despair, life or death—the dying West? What does it know of Hungarians or of extermination? What does it care? I am obliged to believe, on the evidence of the last 48 hours, that it does not care at all. "What is the matter you read, milord?" "Words, words, words."

As always,
Whittaker

March 10, 1957

Dear Bill,

My silence has lasted too long. There have been two main reasons. First, I have been writing in such a way that, when I come up for air around noon, it takes the rest of the day to get my breath back. I have been tormented by my inability to get my reading of the current crisis off the ground. Slowly, the realization dawned that I was trying to cram into an article something that could not be done in less than a small book. Anyway, once over my silly stile, I began to run and in a way I seldom do—without pausing to trim or polish, but just to get on. Of course, I do not know to what purpose I am running—I never do. But I must try to show why most of the argument about the crisis has seemed to me almost

It is insane that Communism itself should have destroyed more Communists than all the other governments of the earth taken together; or that, by official record, the last three chiefs of the Soviet secret police should have been traitors to the revolution, intelligence agents of foreign powers all their active lives. And it is insane that the rest of the world could coexist with, and largely connive at, such insanity.

wholly beside the point. Actually, there is more than one point. But one of them has to do with the absence in the West for forty years of a sense of destiny. Power, yes, a sense of destiny, no—and this has found expression in a failure of will, to a large degree, of rational hope. Hence, too, by default Communism has been the only force in the world, felt as a force of destiny—its only real strength. This force is not only now corrupt; it is insanely preposterous. It is insane that Communism itself should have destroyed more Communists than all the other governments of the earth taken together; or that, by official record, the last three chiefs of the Soviet secret police should have been traitors to the revolution, intelligence agents of foreign powers all their active lives. And it is insane that the rest of the world could coexist with, and largely connive at, such insanity.

Perhaps for the consideration of all *NR*'s warring dialecticians, you should hang up Heraclitus' old hat: "No man can stand in the same river twice." Communism is no more free of the laws of dialectics than anything else is. The revolution is against the Revolution; that, I think, is the crevice that Burnham has been driving into, or groping toward. Does anybody doubt that there is a crevice? In March 1917, a crowd of eighty thousand swept into the Duma buildings and forced that wobbly assembly to end the thousand-year autocracy. "*Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras,*" said a witty conservative minister, echoing a line of the *Marseillaise* that the crowd liked to sing. Let us not, in turn, be too witty. Crowds of 150-, 250-thousand, crammed the squares and streets before the Polish public buildings during

5. Belsazar was on this very night by his own servant brought down.

6. The day the Russian tanks moved on Budapest.

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Some months ago, Mr. Allen Dulles said words to this effect: "There seems no reason to suppose that the Russian mind is not the equal of the American mind." That of the mind which, within seventy years, produced the greatest intellectual and spiritual conflagration of the age, only partially fixed in the names: Pushkin, Gogol, Turgeniev, Dostoievski, Tolstoi, Soloviev, Chekhov, Bakunin, Mendeleyev, Moussorgski. Perhaps Bukharin's last words should hang in Mr. Dulles' office too —in the offices of both Mr. Dulleses.

the October days. Such a crowd is not in the first instance a menace. It is a notice: it says that official power is impotent in a profound way and is seeking a new center in the mass. Good God, don't you have any *revolutionists* among you ex-Communists? But, here I am, counseling again.

As always,
Whittaker

This letter has lain here, unmailed, a couple of days. How hard it is to write about the West and destiny. I know, I know—only the supremely difficult is worth trying to do. I have been working between two quotations somewhat as in ploughing we guide ourselves by a tree on one side of a land, and by another tree, coming back.

The first quotation is Dostoievski on destiny: "Science and reason have, from the beginning of time, played a secondary and subordinate part in the life of nations; and so it will be till the end of time. Nations are built up and moved by another force which sways and dominates them, the origin of which is unknown and inexplicable: that force is the force of an insatiable desire to go on to the end, though, at the same time, it denies that there is an end. It is the force of the persistent assertion of one's existence, and a denial of death. It's the spirit of life, as the Scriptures call it, the 'river of living water,' the drying up of which is threatened in the Apocalypse." The other quotation is from Bukharin's last words to the court which condemned him to death. I do not understand how men, knowing that, in our own lifetime, another man spoke these words at such a moment, can read them and fail to be rent apart by their meanings.

Yet these words are scarcely known. I would print them bold and hang them at the front of college classrooms, not to be explained as a text, but to be seen often and quietly reflected on. Bukharin, it must be remembered, is literally innocent. He is guilty only of the logic of his position, the fact that, in the given historical juncture, the position which he held in theory, might, if pushed into the realm of practice, work against the revolution. It is his uncommitted crime that he pleads guilty to.

He said: "I shall now speak of myself, of the reasons for my repentance. . . . For when you ask yourself: 'If you must die, what are you dying for?'—an absolutely black vacuity suddenly rises before you with startling vividness. There was nothing to die for if one wanted to die unrepentant. . . . This, in the end, disarmed me completely and led me to bend my knees before the Party and the country. And when you ask yourself: 'Very well, suppose you do not die; suppose by some miracle you remain alive, again for what? Isolated from everybody, an enemy of the people, in an inhuman position, completely isolated from everything that constitutes the essence of life.' And at once the same reply arises. At such moments, Citizen Judges, everything personal, all personal incrustation, all rancor, pride and a number of other things, fall away, disappear. . . . I am about to finish.

I AM perhaps speaking for the last time in my life." Is there not a stillness in the room where you read this? That is the passing of the wings of tragedy. I was never a follower of Nikolai Bukharin; I never admired him. About a month after he uttered those words, I broke with Communism. Some months ago, Mr. Allen Dulles said words to this effect: "There seems no reason to suppose that the Russian mind is not the equal of the American mind." That of the mind which, within seventy years, produced the greatest intellectual and spiritual conflagration of the age, only partially fixed in the names: Pushkin, Gogol, Turgeniev, Dostoievski, Tolstoi, Soloviev, Chekhov, Bakunin, Mendeleyev, Moussorgski. Perhaps Bukharin's last words should hang in Mr. Dulles' office too—in the offices of both Mr. Dulleses. Thus they might muse, during the coffee break, on just what degree of handicap, power without purpose sustains in the presence of a sense of destiny.

May 9??, 1957

Dear Bill,

For several reasons, I must write you though this is, also for several reasons, a poor time. I had to go to bed yesterday; there was no choice. This morning, I am, to put it as flatly as possible, right pokey. No doubt, this is the result of accumulated fatigue and physical excitements. It is also, I think, a direct reaction to the Hiss putsch, which is beginning to seem to me like the Hundred Years' War. I do not know whether, as Nora [Mrs. Ralph de Toledano] assured me last Tuesday, the gentleman's razzia[7] is a flop. Until then, I inclined to think so too. But, at that point, watching developments from afar, I began to wonder. My wonder is increasing. Perhaps I am just between battles, as writers are said to be between books. I know enough about the psychology of war to allow for its distortions; but to allow for is not necessarily to be able to get one's self free of, at the same time. I seem

My reason, in the profoundest, most organic sense, is outraged when I am asked to believe that the Nazi massacre of the Warsaw ghetto or the Communist massacre in the Katyn Forest are necessary parts of a process of horrors working together for good. I see that one might believe this on Olympus, that is, quite above the agony.

to see that AH has retained a great part of his original base in the community. He is still able to make them work for him, to make the press play his game, not only in the simple course of selling news, but a little more than that; to make the politicians and the political-minded on his general side of the spectrum long to help him, even though they find it impolitic to do so

7. His book *In the Court of Public Opinion*.

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openly. His strength is not what it was. But that it exists at all is stunning. There he sits, and every time that, in the name of truth, he asserts his innocence, he strikes at truth, utters a slander against me, and compounds his guilt of several orders. Yet, in the name of truth and justice, others support and abet him. It is this outrageous performance, this public violation, in full spotlight, of what the West has meant by truth and honor, which is permitted and abetted in the name of truth and honor—it is this which squirts into my morale a little jet of paralyzing poison. To counteract it, I must bring superhuman—courage is not the right word; steadiness somehow seems more accurate. For the acceptance of the West of this performance, the West's toleration of it, tends to sweep me each time toward despair. How can any community in which toleration and support of Hiss is each time automatic, irrepressible, predictable—how can such a community find the force and virtue (it comes to that) to save itself in greater matters? If the West cannot use the Hiss Case to its own advantage, the Hiss forces will use the case against the West; a kind of historical law of opposite and equal reactions seems to be in play. On the other hand, I never believed that the West could make use of the Hiss Case. My business was only to give it an eleventh-hour opportunity to do so on the outside chance that it might. So I may not complain. I must only try to suppose that, in ways beyond my sight or range of understanding, and along lines that have little to do with me as an individual man, good still works against an evil so insidious. But I am not merely temperamentally impatient of the "all things work together for good" hypothesis.

Senator McCarthy never understood Communism or the war on Communism. Hence he never evolved a strategy, but only a tactic which consisited exclusively in the impulse: Attack. That could never be enough, could end only as it did, or in some similar way. I wish it were not so. Trying to write about it made me realize, more acutely than I had let myself do before, how sadly true it is.

MY REASON, in the profoundest, most organic sense, is outraged when I am asked to believe that the Nazi massacre of the Warsaw ghetto of the Communist massacre in the Katyn Forest are necessary parts of a process of horrors working together for good. I see that one might believe this on Olympus, that is, quite above the agony. I do not see how the Jews in Warsaw or the Polish officers in the Forest could have believed it; or, if they could have believed, could have cared. It is this problem that the Hiss Case confronts me with at every turn; and, of course, that problem is vastly more important than any turn of the Case. That is why I wrote you once that life is rooted in horror. Tell me that this is not true, but tell me in terms of reality; but me no buts. Tell *us*; for it is this the world is waiting to be told, and this is more important to it than any revolution or other spasm. If it cannot be convinced of this, it will believe nothing though it preserves all the forms and conventions of belief.

As we rolled away from Wallack's Point, so grateful and mindful of your kindness, my wife said: "We imposed heavily on them (you and your wife). We cannot help it. We are heavy people." It does not help much to explore deeply just what she meant by "heavy," or even to believe that she is wholly right; but I am afraid that there is a truth in it. In the 1920s, it was often asked of anyone who had fallen under the favorable scrutiny of the CP: "*Ist er ein ernster Mensch*?"—Is he an ernster man? The German *ernst* lacks the priggish overtone of "earnest," but means more than our "serious." In this sense, I would say that "heavy" is a fair approximation. At our jolliest, I am afraid that we retain this heaviness of mood. And what survivals, what dated saurians, it marks us for. It is unfair of us to drag our Mesozoic into *la vida de todos los dias* [everyday life]. But what a deliverance, among much else, you and your wife were for us. Esther is a touchstone (or I think she is); and I was impressed by the directness with which your wife reacted to her—the more so since Esther was visibly and (to me) frighteningly weary; and seldom less like herself. I thought she was covering up one of her heart attacks, but she says not. Esther is as much of a saint as anybody can afford to be and still remain on the human side of the frontier. She is all selfless love and forgiveness, and, in our affairs, has only the most ungrateful (and, in many ways, the most important) part; the part of abiding, uncomplainingly, by the decisions which she does not make, and, left to herself, never would. Both of us feel more and more, tend more and more, to be closed in by a feeling that we belong to an age that is ended, but, for us, not literally enough. We belong to the revolutionary generation of the First World War, the Great War, as its contemporaries used to call it. No, Esther and I are Gerontion; not good company this side of Styx. This was behind my desire to see Max [Eastman], he is Gerontion too. It is not our present viewpoint, but our past, that we have in common. All this is a little context for our "heaviness." We shall long remember here your goodness and patience with us; the beauty and peace of your home and its life; the exhilaration, and the other kind of peace, of the boat on the windless Sound.

WE GOT BACK to find that we had missed the AP by a scant hour.[8] I went at once to the pond. The apples were in bloom and so were thirty or more dogwoods, self-seeded on the hills. Senator McCarthy[9] was much on my mind; and it seemed to me the strangest chance that I should be seeing these things, and that he could not; that I had survived *him*. It is incongruous. I also felt that there is really no other ending for these ends. It was in that spirit that I tried to write about him. It won't work. Any tribute that shirks an appreciation also shirks truth. Each time, I kept running against the episode of Chip Bohlen, which estranged the Senator and me. Leave it out, and there is a gaping hole. Put it in, however tactfully, and there is a shin-barker. I have told only one other person all that took place between us that night; and that is just as well; for the rest was as bad as the Bohlen business, which was outrageous. If you do not say so, others have a right to ask: "Don't you know outrage when you see it?" If you do say so, they can ask: "Why was such a man a hero?" In the end, it comes down to a simple sentimentality: this man and I fought in the

8. I.e., a reporter had come by.
9. Who had died on the day that WC was with us in Connecticut.

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same wars in which he suffered greatly. But he was not my leader. For the sake of the war, I had publicly to say, in effect, that he was trying to use me to perpetrate a fraud on Bohlen. What is left of tribute then? I could not follow him living; I could only pity him. Pity of that kind is condemnation of the dead; and silence is more fitting. The Senator never understood Communism or the war on Communism. Hence he never evolved a strategy, but only a tactic which consisted exclusively in the impulse: Attack. That could never be enough, could end only at it did, or in some similar way. I wish it were not so. Trying to write about it made me realize, more acutely than I had let myself do before, how sadly true it is.

THAT IS A remarkable piece by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen.[10] What feeling and, I must note as practitioner, what writing pace. Where has he been all this time? Or is it just that, as usual, I have not been where I should? But I believe that he is talking, extremely well, about a manifestation, an occasion, rather than a cause. Hungary merely focuses a feeling against Americans that goes much deeper and farther, and is much older. What the rest of the world misses in Americans is something a little different. It misses in them the tragic sense of life. This is much more sundering than any of its manifestations, taken apart. Gottfried Knosperl Rosenbaum (R. Jarrell's character) thought that what was good, but also troubling, about Americans was that they had tried to do something which perhaps cannot be done. They had written into their first charter (though Dr. Rosenbaum does not allude to this specifically) that phrase about the pursuit of happiness. How can the rest of the world look, without wonder and a certain pity, at a nation who believes that one of man's inalienable *rights* is the pursuit of happiness? Tom Matthews[11] told me last year about coming on a magnificent Spanish beggar woman, *vestida de negro, enlutada* [dressed in black, mourning], dirty, wretched, but speaking impassionedly to several others. Tom asked what she was saying and was told: "She is talking to them about the evil of life." The pursuit of happiness, the evil of life. How can peoples who have as a catchphrase *"No hay remedio"* [There is nothing to be done about it], help seeing [Americans] as, to some degree, children? We think they are looking at our power, wealth, ease, and envying them, and we are right about that. But they are also looking at our minds, our souls, and these baffle them, and their bafflement baffles us.

As always, and much too much so,
Whittaker

NATIONAL REVIEW *did not treat the publication of Alger Hiss's book as the occasion for a book review, but as an opportunity to evaluate a political operation. The magazine published (May 25, 1957) comments on the book's appearance from: James Burnham, Anthony Bouscaren, Jay Lovestone, Hede Massing, J. B. Matthews, Frank Meyer, Herbert Philbrick, Richard Rovere, Ralph de Toledano and Bertram Wolfe.*

May 19??, 1957

Dear Bill,

I fear the CP will not like the last *NR*—too much "cult of the individual." The individual, however, read it with some interest. I thought the Knopf piece [editorial] came off nicely. The answers to your wire were journalistically justified, and to me, who knows most of the respondents, most interesting as thumbnail self-snapshots. Burnham who, as I think you know, I tend to take very seriously, seemed to me in these few lines to get down just what I hold to be his chief weakness; what I call, sometimes, his "schematism." Whether or not Alger is still useful to the Apparatus is not the point—useful that is, as pilferer. His chief use was never this, but as shaper of policy and mover of personnel. His ability to divide opinion at this moment is a chore almost as important from the CP's viewpoint. This, in my opinion, should have been the accent. For the rest—Bouscaren, J. B. Matthews—ho, hum. Jay—you old fox, not a hair of the brush has changed. Rovere—he can't get off that couch. The really good answers, I thought, were Hede's and Bert Wolfe's. Hede, the old revolutionist, took deliberate aim and shot right through the center of the target. Her revolver had swayed only a mite at the end by alluding to how mean Alger is to her and me. Bert made the prime point—the lengths I went to to save Alger; for that is at the heart of the witness. Then he clinched the public points, clearly, briefly.

As always,
Whittaker

"I must admit you have the most unusual home movies I've ever seen, Jack."

10. "The Bankruptcy of American Optimism," NATIONAL REVIEW, May 11, 1957.
11. T. S. Matthews, managing editor of *Time* when Chambers was senior editor.

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LETTER FROM JERUSALEM

Israel Moves Right

MICHAEL S. KOGAN

On October 28, more than 80 per cent of the electorate turned out to determine the makeup of the seventh Israeli Knesset (parliament) and of local municipal governments throughout the country. There were three major political groupings vying for the voters' support:

The Labor Alignment is an amalgamation of three parties dominated by Golda Meir's moderate socialist Mapai. To Mapai's right in the alignment is Moshe Dayan's centrist Rafi group, while slightly to the left is the socialist Achdut Ha'avodah led by Deputy Premier Yigal Allon. For purposes of this election Labor aligned itself with the hard-line socialist Mapam group which is bending every effort to counter General Dayan's non-socialist influence within the party.

The Gahal Party represents Israeli conservatism and is led by dynamic Cabinet Minister Menahem Beigin. Gahal campaigned on a domestic platform calling for fiscal integrity, tax relief for business, reform and cutbacks of welfare programs, an end to government interference in the private sector, antistrike legislation and other brakes on the power of the Histadrut, Israel's mammoth labor union. The party's foreign platform was grounded in staunch anti-Communism and called upon Israel not to surrender "one inch" of the territories won in the Six-Day War.

The National Religious Party (NRP) is the country's third-largest political grouping and is chiefly concerned with the maintenance of the religious character of Israel's national life. It seeks to legislate increased public observance of the Sabbath and to introduce principles of Talmudic law into Israel's court system. While naturally hostile to socialism, the NRP has been willing to enter coalition governments with Labor in exchange for specific concessions in the area of government support of religion.

The results of the October elections indicated a definite shift to the right in Israeli public opinion. Labor lost seven seats and, with them, the absolute majority of 63 it had held in the last Knesset. Gahal, on the other hand, gained four seats and the NRP one seat. In the new Knesset, the Labor Alignment will hold 56 seats while the combined strength of the two religious and three conservative parties will be forty-eight. The remaining sixteen seats will be divided among six minor parties.

Under Israel's system of proportional representation, the loss of Labor's absolute majority forced Mrs. Meir into coalition negotiations. After lengthy and complicated bargaining, a coalition cabinet was formed containing representatives of the same parties which had comprised the last cabinet. But, while the parties were the same, the distribution of power among them had altered significantly. Labor still dominated with fourteen of the 24 cabinet ministries. But this was quite a drop from the sixteen out of 21 edge Labor had held in the previous smaller government. In addition, there had been a slight shift to the right within Labor itself, General Dayan's more conservative Rafi wing gaining an additional cabinet post while the left of center Achdut Ha'avodah dropped one seat. The most spectacular cabinet gains were made by the conservative Gahal, which jumped from two ministries in the old cabinet to six in the new. Gahal now controls the Ministries of Posts, Transport, Development and, most importantly, Commerce and Industry. The fact that new Gahal Transport Minister General Ezer Weizman is General Dayan's brother-in-law will further increase cooperation between Gahal and Labor's right wing.

If conservatives made significant headway on the national level, their gains were even greater in local elections in which Gahal won landslide victories in municipal contests in six important cities. The fact that Gahal was even more successful in local elections, where foreign policy was not an issue, than it was nationally would seem to indicate that the free-market economic philosophy of the party appeals to Israelis more strongly than the party's stand against yielding any of the territories won in the 1967 war.

In the final analysis, the foreign policies of Labor and Gahal differ only in degree. Both are strongly pro-American and anti-Communist and both have expressed support for an American victory in the Vietnam war. Neither party would ever consider giving up Jerusalem, which has, for three thousand years, been the spiritual capital of the Jewish people, nor would they yield the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights or any other new territory they deem essential to the defense of its borders.

It is in the area of economic policy that the two parties are diametrically opposed. For even as the non-socialist forces of General Dayan make steady headway within the Labor Party, the party's leadership continues to express itself in the outworn socialist jargon of a generation ago. Quite clearly, the Israeli public is tiring of the slogans and is coming to the realization that if Israel is to have a viable economic future, it must attract increased foreign investment which will only materialize if there is a sharp decrease in government interference in the country's economy.

The most hopeful sign in the recent election was that the young people rejected socialism and voted against Labor in significantly higher percentages than did their parents. The soldiers' vote alone, which was counted some days after the general balloting, was enough to deprive Labor of two Knesset seats which had earlier been conceded to it. These results confirm the previously observed tendency of Israeli youth to discard the collectivist economic formulas of the past. This conservative trend should grow as increasing numbers of young Israelis reach voting age. Socialism may have had its day in Israel. □

TV Tears

The gunman lies bleeding,
The victim is dead
(Therefore out of the picture).
Let us weep for the killer
(That unfortunate creature!)
And pity the fact that he bled.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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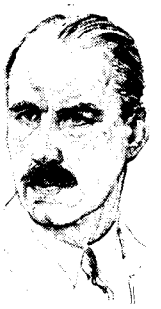
ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



THE PRICE OF STABILITY

LETTER FROM LATIN AMERICA

Presidential elections are due this year in several Latin American countries which I have visited—among them Mexico, Guatemala and Colombia. What struck me in these countries is the considerable material progress of sometimes stunning proportions.

The progress made in Mexico and in Colombia in the last twenty years is mostly due to their political stability. The stability has been bought at a price: the sacrifice of democracy. The liberator of southern South America, General San Martín, believed that monarchy would be the only truly viable form of government for this part of the world. Brazil proved it and Mexico tried it twice. The first Mexican effort foundered due to conflicts within, the second one because it was a foreign imperial enterprise.

Politically Expedient

During the U.S.-Mexican conflicts at the time of the First World War, American Ambassador to London Walter H. Page told Sir Edward Gray that bullets should be shot into Mexicans until "they learn to rule themselves"—the big stick of democracy in full swing. Now they do "rule themselves," though not quite according to the rules of democracy, American or otherwise. The only opposition party worth mentioning, the PAN (*Partido de Acción Nacional*) hasn't a dog's chance of winning the next presidential race, nor has the *Partido Popular Socialista*, the *Partido Auténtico de la Revolución Mexicana*, or any other of the tiny splinter parties. You need only read the half-hearted, almost pessimistic declarations of Efrain Gonzales Morfín, leader and candidate of the PAN, to be aware of this. Meantime, the caucus of the PRI, the ruling Institutionalist Revolutionary Party, has nominated Luis Echeverria Alvarez and this nomination has been duly endorsed by President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz. Thus the next president's name is already known. What we see here is a mixed government whose monarchical and oligarchic elements are apparent. True, the president cannot be re-elected after his six-year term, but he decides who his successor will be.

Tiempo, a Mexican version of *Time*, recently devoted nearly 26 pages to the campaign of the crown-prince—pardon, presidential candidate—Echeverria, referring to it as a "triumphal round trip," and only two columns to the PAN candidate Gonzales Morfín. A ridiculous situation, perhaps, but the alternatives could well be totalitarian dictatorship, chaos or endless real revolutions (instead of mere talk about *La Revolución Mexicana*). And this is the reason why there is so little general discussion about genuine alternatives.

The PRI is no longer what it used to be in the Twenties and Thirties, when it persecuted the Church, engaged in wholesale massacres and posed as the friend of the Soviet Union. Mexico is also one of the few Latin American states to recognize Cuba.

The incumbent President, Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, is the first to go to Mass regularly, and today Church, capital and *alta sociedad* have made their peace, though not enthusiastically with the revolutionaries of yesterday.

In Guatemala the situation is more checkered. There we find besides the already very tame *Partido Revolucionario* a Christian Democratic Party which, as so often happens to the Christian Democrats in Latin America, tries to move left of the Left. Unlike Mexico, Guatemala has to contend with guerrilla fighters who oppose Yankee neo-colonialism even though the United Fruit Company (the *bête noire* of "anti-imperialists" the world over) has tremendously reduced its activities because of the pests which have beset its banana plantations.

In Colombia stability is maintained by another non-democratic procedure. The treaties of Stiges and Benidorm (both situated in Spain) stipulated that the two parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals, should have an equal number of seats in the Parliament and that the presidents should be alternately Liberal and Conservative. Thus this year the voters will have to choose between four Conservative candidates for the presidency. In picking representatives for the House, voters are limited to choosing among the various wings, the various colorations of either party. Incredible? Yes, but anyone who has read Garcia Marquez' best selling novel *Hundred Years of Solitude* will understand the reason. The murderous wars between the two parties had to be stopped and in context of that bloody past today's odd arrangement in Columbia really makes sense. The various guerrilla groups form an "extra-parliamentary" opposition which would exist even if there were no grievances, social or otherwise. Colombia holds the second highest world record for manslaughter and murder (preceded by El Salvador and followed by Mexico).

Economically Unsound

Still, from year to year there has been improvement in Colombia. (It was my fifth visit since 1960.) The Avianca skyscraper in Bogota, the wealth displayed in the stores and accessible to an increasing number of customers, the enormous number of cars belonging not only to the rich, the noticeable progress in public services, all this testifies to the basic soundness of the present political "arrangement." Yet, President Lleras has declared that an agrarian reform has become "unavoidable" and is passing the buck on to his conservative successor. I am convinced that this issue is largely a psycho-political one. There is envy, and there is impatience, two mighty political factors with psychological and sociological rather than economic aspects. What is politically expedient may be economically unsound and vice versa. □

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SOME MODEST PROPOSALS

On the whole, Mr. Nixon's welfare proposals are good, says the author. But he suggests a few refinements calculated to startle the social workers who might have to carry them out

What's Missing in Nixon's Welfare Program

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

MR. NIXON'S welfare program, which Congress is about to tackle, is a step in the right direction; perhaps as big a step as is politically feasible. In the short run, his proposals are likely to increase costs; in the longer run they bid fair to reduce it; and there are many advantages over the present system in equity and economy. Let me dwell just on three general virtues in these proposals.

1) The 100 per cent tax on earnings of welfare recipients is abolished—they will have some economic incentive to work and earn, and to decrease their dependence on welfare payments, by being allowed to retain the first $60 of their monthly earnings without losing any welfare benefits; only 50 per cent of additional earnings is deducted from welfare payments up to a maximum of about $5,000.

This means that some hardworking families now become eligible, without having to stop working, whereas under present law they are actually better off, in some cases, particularly if there are many children, if they stop working. Further, employables are helped and required to seek employment or, if necessary, to be trained for it.

2) The Federal Government will finance minimum payments of $1,600 yearly per needy family of four, regardless of location. This will lighten the burden of some states yet increase their payments. By making payments a little more equal, it will reduce the tendency of recipients to migrate to the states where benefits are highest, such as New York.

3) Payments for needy families will no longer depend on the absence of a breadwinner. Hence, the incentive to abandonment is reduced.

The New York welfare bureaucracy

bitterly protested the countrywide federal minimum grants of $1,600 because the states that paid little will get much more federal money per recipient than states, such as New York. Which is true. The Federal Government proposes not to supplement state payments beyond $1,600, but to pay only up to $1,600. New York would have liked the Federal Government to pay 50 per cent of whatever New York chooses to pay. The protest demonstrates not only that the protesters are foolish—which was well known—but also that they are uncommonly stupid, which was not. For nothing could help the New York welfare system more—nothing could decrease the total New York outlay more—than increases in the payments to welfare recipients in, say, Mississippi.

The New York system is overloaded because New York payments are high a) relative to payments elsewhere, b) relative to job earnings. The system can be helped only by reducing payments in New York, or raising them elsewhere. The first is unlikely to happen to the required degree. The Federal Government proposes the second—and the New York welfare establishment complains! Yet the New York load will be lightened only if people in Mississippi have less reason to migrate to New York—which is the case when the difference in welfare payments is reduced, with federal help, in Mississippi's favor.

NOTHING COULD BE WORSE for New York than an increase in the federal subsidy for New York: such an increase might stabilize, or increase, the differential between New York and the states that pay less—i.e., the attraction of New York for welfare recipients elsewhere. It would also tend to increase the size of payments relative to earnings from jobs. Yet that is what the New York welfare establishment is clamoring for. It would be a good way of getting more "clients," to the detriment not only of New York taxpayers, but of the United States economy as a whole, and of the New York economy in particular. Every time welfare payments are increased, more people become welfare clients—the New York experience demonstrates as much irrefutably: a far greater proportion of the poor receive welfare payments in N.Y. than in Chicago or L.A.—simply because N.Y. pays about one-third more per recipient. (It is unlikely that people worse than now appointed would be elected as top administrators of public

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welfare. Therefore I favor electing commissioners rather than allowing the mayor to appoint them.)

From an economic viewpoint—alas, politically it might be hard to do; but is it really impossible?—it would be best to make federal payments outside metropolitan centers higher—in purchasing power—than inside so that welfare recipients would be financially better off in rural areas. The indirect costs incurred in cities are far greater than those incurred in rural areas, and the difference is great enough to warrant the cost of making rural areas irresistibly attractive to welfare recipients.

Attacking Strawmen

Let me consider three other objections to the Nixon proposals.

1) Mr. Meany, speaking for the labor unions, objects that by subsidizing those who do not earn enough through their work, the government would subsidize, and thereby encourage, low wage rates. Mr. Meany implies that without such encouragement wage rates would go up, or could be pushed up by unions, or by minimum wage laws. That would be nice, and save a lot of tax money. Unfortunately, although it is quite possible to prevent employers from paying less than a minimum fixed by unions or laws, it is not possible to compel them to hire workers at the wage rate fixed by either. Thus, if that wage rate is higher than what the worker is worth to employers —what they are paying anyway—he becomes unemployed: when minimum wages are effective they create unemployment. Indeed unemployment of unskilled adolescents, particularly black adolescents—the group most affected by minimum wages—goes up each time the minimum wage rate is raised. Minimum wage laws and union activities have greatly contributed to the welfare problem. (Union leaders do not learn easily.) The advantage of Mr. Nixon's proposal is precisely to make it possible to help a man unable to earn enough to support his family by his work, without discouraging him from working as is done at present, or causing him to become unemployed.

2) Professor James E. Estes in *NR* (Sept. 23, 1969) argues that Mr. Nixon "has presented a welfare program . . . which . . . would legitimize the concept . . . [of a] guaranteed annual income . . .," which concept Estes thinks has a "potential for disaster." However the "proposal" Professor Estes discusses is a strawman, bearing no resemblance either to Mr. Nixon's proposal or, for that matter, to Professor Milton Friedman's "negative income tax."

Professor Estes assumes that a yearly income of $3,500 would be guaranteed by the government (Mr. Nixon proposed $1,600) and calculates that this would amount to $1.75 per hour. He argues that people would have "to clear at least $1 an hour more for working than they could get for not working . . . [and] might refuse to work for less than approximately $3 an hour." This would lead to price increases, a higher guaranteed annual income, and continuous inflation.

Professor Estes conveniently forgets that the Nixon proposal, unlike Professor Friedman's, requires employables to accept suitable employment (and if earnings are low, supplements their pay). Under Professor Friedman's proposal a man satisfied with his "guaranteed annual income" might refuse to work; under Mr. Nixon's he could not, on pain of losing the "guaranteed" income.

However, even Professor Friedman's proposal is not vulnerable to Estes' argument. Estes assumes that the head of a family would be unwilling to work for less than about $3 since he "could receive $1.75 an hour for not working." Actually the wage rate for which the recipient would be willing to work will not depend on his "guaranteed" hourly income. Thus, if he were offered ten hours of work per week at $5 an hour, but lose his "guaranteed" income if he accepts, he would not work. For he would get $50 and lose approximately $75. But if he were offered ten hours of work at $1 an hour without losing his "guaranteed" income, he might accept—his net weekly income would rise to $80. Both Professor Friedman's proposal and Mr. Nixon's are so arranged that the net income of the recipient of government payments increases as he earns money through work, at whatever hourly rate. (The hourly rate accepted will actually depend on general market conditions.) Since he cannot increase government payments by adding hours of not working, his only way to increase his income is by working. Most people receiving $70 a week to support a family will want to increase their income. Thus the Nixon proposals are not likely to decrease wage rates (Meany) or to increase them (Estes). Professor Estes' fallacy is new, unlike Mr. Meany's, but otherwise no improvement.

3) Henry Hazlitt (*NR*, Sept. 9, 1969) objects to Mr. Nixon's proposals in the first place because they would increase the number of people on the welfare rolls. This is true in the short, although not in the long run. However, the present welfare legislation would increase welfare rolls more (even though more slowly), and would do so permanently. Mr. Nixon's proposal, although adding low-salaried people, will ultimately get the employables off the rolls, or decrease payments to the semi-employables by making it advantageous for all recipients to work. This seems a worthwhile investment, although the risk of failure which Mr. Hazlitt mentions (and regards as a certainty) exists.

'Kick the Habit'

Mr. Hazlitt also points out that there will be pressure to increase the federal payment of $1,600 now proposed by Mr. Nixon. Certainly. However, Mr. Hazlitt writes as though this pressure would not occur, or would be less likely to succeed, if Mr. Nixon's proposals were not enacted. Unfortunately Mr. Hazlitt does not tell why he thinks so. I guess that he thinks public welfare payments are unnecessary, and that, once undertaken, they become addictive: increasing doses are craved until the addicted society no longer can support the habit.

Yet in all societies the indigent have to be supported. Better ways than ours may be found. But the question is not whether Mr. Nixon has found an ideal way, but rather whether his proposals improve on the present way. That they fall short of Mr. Hazlitt's ideal is beside the point.

The danger of addiction to public welfare payments, both of recipients and possibly of politicians, is very real; it will be with us as long as there is any sort of welfare system. Hence this danger is not created by Mr. Nixon's proposals: pressure for higher and more extended welfare payments has been continuous since Roosevelt. Perhaps we should "kick the habit." But Mr. Hazlitt has not proposed to stop all public assistance, nor told us how he would get the votes for such a proposal.

If the habit is not kicked, and the welfare payments continue, as well as pressure to increase them, the problem is how to make them least addictive.

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The Nixon proposals, by increasing incentives to work, reducing incentives to migrate to urban areas, providing training, and reducing the incentive to abandon families, are moving in the right direction.

Mr. Hazlitt also fears that job training will be ineffective, and that the obligation to accept jobs will not be enforced. This is possible, but not necessary; some risk of maladministration is inherent in any activity and should not lead us to oppose proposals, unless the desired effects can not be achieved because maladministration can be shown to be certain to defeat them.

However, some attention should be paid to the social workers likely to administer Mr. Nixon's proposals. Those now coming from social work schools seem to contribute as much to the creation of social problems as they do to their solution. To the last woman, they are filled with utopian notions and psycho-moral clichés which distort their perception of society far more than simple ignorance could. In the past utopianism was wholly moral and religious. Now it is economic and political. Certainly no improvement. Exceptions are rare and occur *despite* training. There is at present no evidence to indicate that persons who have not attended schools of social work would do worse. Unless these schools can be fundamentally changed, social workers might just as well be selected on the basis of a simple examination, regardless of prior schooling.

Whereas Mr. Hazlitt fears that the work requirements in the Nixon proposals will be neglected, liberal and labor critics fear that they may be applied. They argue that mothers of school-aged children should be allowed to stay home and not be required to take jobs. Since many mothers of school-aged children do not receive welfare payments, yet do hold jobs, it is not apparent why welfare recipients should be privileged to place the burden of providing for their families on society—including these working mothers—if they so choose. Of course, the program requires reasonable and humane administration which takes special circumstances into consideration. (Anyway it would certainly be hard to compel an unwilling mother to work. But establishing the obligation will help.)

As to the job training program, the objectors say that it is not training but jobs that are needed; they argue that the government should be the "employer of last resort" by hiring anyone who cannot find a job on the market. I am glad Mr. Nixon did not fall for this. There has been no lack of jobs. On the contrary, jobs, both skilled and unskilled, go begging. Welfare rolls have risen while unemployment has declined.

Some employable people on welfare might be able simply to acquire the skills to make them independent. In many other cases, training would have to change motivations, i.e., teach people who have depended on handouts that they can and should work. The obligation to undergo training, or to take a job, or both, is essential in this case.

In still other cases, the person remains unemployed and on welfare, because he regards the available jobs as being below his dignity; or, they pay less than he wants. Mr. Nixon's reforms will make it possible for such persons to work and receive supplemental welfare payments. The welfare system cannot set a wage floor; and it need not keep people artificially idle by supporting them at the expense of the taxpayer when they refuse available jobs.

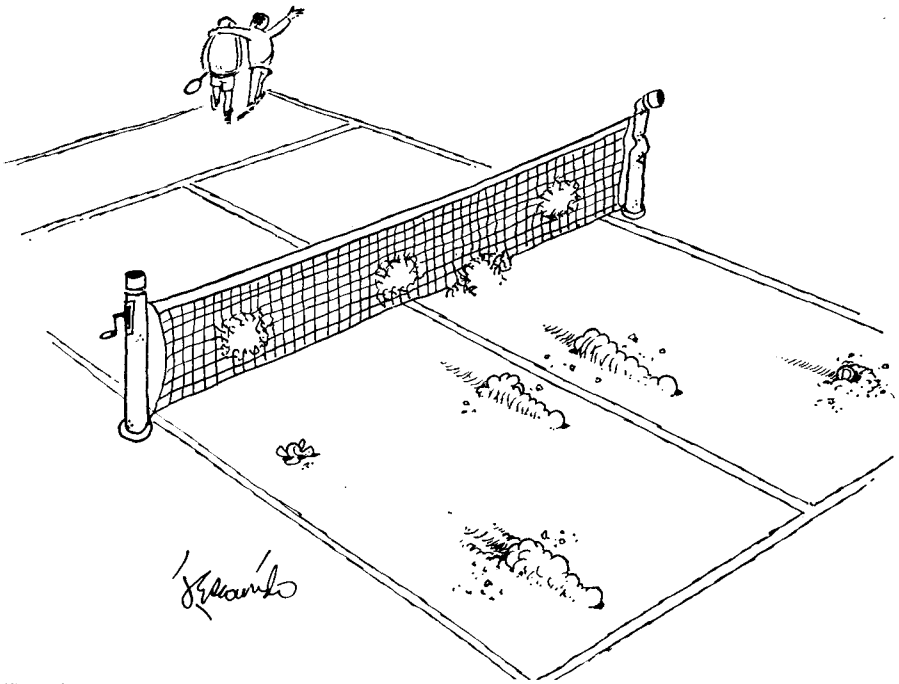
The Major Problem

Useful as Mr. Nixon's proposals are, they require one major addition to which I will now turn.

The most costly, numerous and most rapidly increasing category of welfare recipients consists of families without a father. They receive aid to dependent children. They are a category largely called into being, and increased, by the welfare system; and, no doubt, the category in which psychological injury to recipients is most frequent. Mr. Nixon proposes to abolish the financial reward for abandonment—for the creation of such families—which the welfare system hitherto had established. This is sound and overdue. But far more need be done. If Mr. Nixon's proposals become law, a man can still, with impunity, create and abandon a family which the welfare system will have to support. Abandonment would no longer increase the income of the abandoned family over what would be available with the father present. But abandonment would still increase the disposable income of the deserting father, who has his family supported by welfare money and can keep all his job earnings to himself. The incentive to desert, in the knowledge that the family will be provided for by the taxpayers, remains.

Thus, although helpful, Mr. Nixon's proposal will not be enough to stem the tide of abandoned families. Two supplementary measures are needed to serve, one as a positive, the other as a negative means toward the goal of minimizing the creation of fatherless families depending on welfare. The social cost of such families, of course, goes far beyond the cost of welfare payments. The latter in New York alone involves billions. The trend is up.

(Continues on page 99)



"Don't worry, kid . . . the way I look at it, when you got a little control . . ."

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ON THE ECOLOGY FRONT

Doctored Grapes?

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

ALMOST CERTAINLY within six or eight months," reads an influential Berkeley New Leftist newsletter, "there will occur among most young activists a shift of consciousness emphatically away from campus and Vietnam issues and energetically into issues pertaining to the ecological emergency. The transition already is well underway. For example, White Panther Headquarters in Ann Arbor presently is preparing . . . a bibliography which will include several eco-texts. And here in the Bay area people are putting together a . . . 'think tank,' which for the first time will bring young hip scientists into close community with activists. . . . There's not much time left. By year's end we must have learned how to begin to act."

And they're learning fast. The necessity for the transition is obvious. As black militants grow increasingly wary of their white SDS allies, and as Richard Nixon winds up the war, the old issues lose their punch and new ones must be scratched up. And among the best of the new is the whole pesticide flap, central to the current cliché about "poisoning our environment." The new villains are the civilian members of the military-industrial complex. Growers take the place of the Green Berets, migrant workers become the peasants, and DDT replaces napalm. Chemical warfare on the homefront. And the atrocity victims are crop pickers, nursing mothers and the little birdies. And chief among the gallant domestic leaders is César Chavez, hero of the California grape strike.

The Chavez movement is a natural for the tactics of the new romantics. And Chavez himself is the perfect ally, for he is as adept as any New Leftist in smelling out a proper confrontational issue. "We will be damned," he said recently, "and we should be, if we will tolerate the systematic poisoning of our people."

Jerome Cohen, counsel for the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, agrees on the issue's potential. Against the vivid imaginary background of babies sucking down great gulps of DDT at their mothers' breasts, desiccated migrant farm workers vomiting beneath the cruel California sun, and housewives poisoning the kiddies with the chemically treated grapes from the corner store, Jerry Cohen traveled to Washington recently to testify before Senator Walter Mondale's Subcommittee on Migratory Labor. And with him he carried a couple of bunches of seedless California grapes.

The grapes, claimed Cohen, purchased from a Washington Safeway store, contained enough Aldrin, a highly toxic chemical, to make Man o' War queasy. And the analysts at the C. W. England Company supported his claim. The legal tolerance level of Aldrin is .01 parts per million. Mr. Cohen's grapes showed an Aldrin content of 18 parts per million. Gobble enough such grapes, and you'd get very sick indeed.

Cohen's evidence quite rightly shocked Senator Mondale, who immediately asked the FDA to conduct tests of table grapes in markets across the country. Samples were taken in every

major city. And guess what? No chemicals that even approached the tolerance level. And no Aldrin. None at all. Not even at that famous Washington Safeway.

Puzzling. Especially so to Senator George Murphy of California, who decided to look a bit more deeply into the business of the mysterious grapes. His investigation began with the grower of the grapes Cohen had brought to the committee hearing, Anthony Bianco, who testified that neither he nor his pesticide applicator had used Aldrin for over six years. Next came Seldon Morley, Kern County Agricultural Commissioner, who stated: "There has been no commercial application of the pesticide Aldrin on any table grape vineyard in the county of Kern this year. Aldrin," continued Mr. Morley, "must be registered with the state Department of Agriculture and all commercial applications of Aldrin . . . are required to be reported to the Agriculture Commissioner in the county where applied."

STRANGER AND STRANGER. And still more discrepancies: a California FDA Inspector testified that the last shipment of grapes from Bianco went to Texas on July 13. Cohen appeared before the committee in August. But Aldrin, according to Dr. Paul Porter, biologist for the Shell Development Company, the only manufacturer of the chemical, converts to Dieldrin within six days of application. And further said Dr. Porter, in order to achieve that ratio of 18 parts per million, it would have been necessary to spray the grapes massively with Aldrin well after picking, and no later than six days before putting them on the Safeway shelves. Cohen's grapes, in other words, must either have been doused with Aldrin in Texas six days before purchase and then jetted to Washington, or else sprayed by the staff of Safeway. Unlikely, unless shippers and retailers have conspired to knock off their customers.

Senator Murphy opted for a simpler explanation: "The grapes presented to the England Laboratory had somehow achieved strange qualities which I find very difficult to explain," he said. "And it seems possible that a subcommittee of the United States Senate has been the victim of duplicity." Someone, in other words, doctored the grapes. Wonder who? □

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FRANK S. MEYER

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

As the established order comes under radical attack on a broad front, two apparently opposite conservative reactions are emerging. On the one hand, there are those who quite correctly see the origin of the new radicalism in the systematic liberal corrosion of the Western tradition and anticipate with pleasure the prospect of the sowers of the wind reaping the whirlwind. Such conservatives presumably believe that when liberalism has been thus swept away by radicalism, conservatism not radicalism will be the eventual victor.

On the other hand, there are those conservatives who believe that the radical attack is so threatening to the very survival of ordered existence that common cause must be made with all liberal forces who are willing to resist the radical onslaught. Those who hold this view, however, too often forget that their common interest with established liberalism is based on totally differing prepossessions. Conservatives are concerned with the preservation of the structure and fabric of civilization, even though that civilization is deeply corroded by decades of liberal influence. Those liberals who are available allies in resistance to radicalism and anarchy are defending first of all their power and influence; to the degree that they are defenders of civilization, it is only in the corroded form they have created. Indeed, it is the corrosion, not the civilization, to which their fealty is given. And the pathos of their condition —the condition of those liberals, for example, who are honestly fighting to preserve the universities—is that, in large part, it is the corrosive principle for which they stand that has brought into being the radicalism which has turned upon them.

It seems to me that there is no essential contradiction between the two conservative reactions. Both are right—at their own level. In the immediate struggle with radicalism, conservatives and liberals can make common cause without conservatives giving up their basic critique of liberalism. It is one thing to work with liberal allies in a concrete situation where outrageous radical demands must be resisted, violent demonstrations repressed, the norms of social existence defended. This is a matter of working with anyone who recognizes and is willing to combat manifest evil—and, since reality breaks through into ideology, even relativist liberals do recognize evil as evil when it hits close enough to home. But it is another thing to be so blinded by immediate common interests as to forget that not only the present outbreak of radicalism, but much older and deeper ills of our society, are themselves the product of liberalism.

A CERTAIN FLEXIBILITY is required, the flexibility to fight against the most advanced and immediately threatening dangers with whatever allies come to hand, while never relaxing the basic critique of views and attitudes (even if held by present allies) against which conservatism by its very nature is arrayed. But, as it would be blind to conduct the battle against radicalism and mute the critique of liberalism, so it would be adventurous beyond reason to sit back, as some conservatives propose, and watch supinely as the radicals overwhelm our social order (however distorted by liberal influences) in a vain hope that out of chaos would come some conservative order. Such apocalyptic imaginings are the stuff of intellectual and spiritual sloth and despair. Indeed, the contrast that is sometimes made between the underlying assumptions of liberalism and today's radicalism is true only of such matters as style, propensity to violence and externality of immediate program. At the level of principle, radicalism simply represents the logical conclusion of those two essential components of modern liberalism: egalitarianism and relativism.

The egalitarian aspect is clearest in the New Left and black militant prongs of the attack; the relativist, in the challenge of the hippies and the life-style for which they proselytize. And all share with liberalism a massive ignorance of economics, a disdain for the productive process, a hostility to the producing majority. The constant refrain of both New Left and black militant, no matter what the particular demand put forward for the moment, is the expenditure of tens and hundreds of billions of dollars, to be secured through taxation by sequestering the hard-earned product of the working majority. Or when egalitarianism is not thus displayed, it takes the form of demands for the ending of discrimination between persons on the basis of their ability, such as "open admission" to universities, or, for that matter, "open graduation," without grades or standards to distinguish between the successful and unsuccessful. At every level the concept of excellence and differentiation on the basis of excellence, is attacked in the name of imposed equality.

As for the hippie life-style, relativism is its essence. On sex, on drugs, on responsibility, in its refusal to read and study, the hippie movement is no more than an extreme extension of liberalism's relativist attack upon the standards of civilization.

TO THE DEGREE that liberals are horrified by these extensions of their principles, they can be and are contemporary allies in the fight for the preservation of the civil order. But liberalism remains an enemy—the more so, having given birth to a radical progeny—and conservatives can only continue their long-term effort to supersede the principles of liberalism, while simultaneously engaging in the immediate and urgent resistance to the thrust of radicalism. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

MOTHER HAZELTON'S FRIENDLY TIPS

RE COMPETITION: I want to thank my readers for their splendid entries and for the kind words that accompanied so many of them; I was touched. Results of the Competition will be divulged in the next issue. But I can say now that *NR* competitors are kind, industrious and neat—as well as literate.

PERFECT ROAST BEEF: What with the price of meat rising to such heights that it is about to become a collector's item, I weep at the thought of the innumerable fine roasts of beef that are going to be improperly cooked thanks to the falsehoods perpetuated by almost all cookbooks, meat thermometers and various public agencies. Improperly cooked isn't really the word, overcooked is. The falsehood that is perpetuated says that an inner temperature of 140°F, as seen on a meat thermometer (the most accurate help towards roasting meat well if you ignore its judgment as to what is rare, medium and well done), will yield rare beef. *It will not.* Inevitably, the meat will be medium rare or even medium. If you want rare beef, remove the roast from the oven when the meat thermometer reads 120°F. Allow it to rest in a warm place for fifteen to twenty minutes and it will become easier to carve because it will be firmer. As a matter of fact, all roasted meat and chicken should be allowed to settle down for ten to twenty minutes, in a warm place, for a redistribution of the juices and easier carving. Here are the correct temperatures for roast beef as seen on the meat thermometer. It should be inserted into the meat before the meat goes into the oven, in the thickest part, but away from the bone. In a rib roast, stick the thermometer on top of the roast at a slight angle. Remove the meat from the refrigerator one-and-a-half to two hours or more before cooking; it should be at room temperature.

RARE	120°F
MEDIUM RARE	130°F
MEDIUM	140°F
WELL DONE	150°F

PERFECT RARE ROAST BEEF: This is a different and very successful as well as painless way of roasting a rib roast. It was developed by Anne Seranne, a famous home economist, cookbook writer and gourmet whom I admire immensely.

1 2-4-rib roast weighing 4½-12 pounds
flour
salt
freshly ground pepper

Remove the roast from the refrigerator two-and-a-half hours before cooking. Preheat the oven to 500°F. (Preheating, essential to all oven cookery, takes twenty minutes.) Place the roast in an open, shallow roasting pan, fat side up. Sprinkle with a little flour, rub the flour into the fat and rub salt and pepper all over the roast. Put the roast into the preheated oven. Roast according to the following chart, timing the minutes exactly. When cooking time is finished, turn off the oven. *Do not open the door at any time.* Allow the roast to remain in the oven until the oven is lukewarm, or about two hours. The roast will have a crunchy brown outside and still enough internal heat for serving for as long as three to four hours.

Quantities: Two servings per rib.

Number of Ribs	Weight (without short ribs)	Roasting time at 500°F
2	4½-5 lbs.	25-30 minutes
3	8-9 lbs.	40-45 minutes
4	11-12 lbs.	55-60 minutes

(A large rib roast is better than a small one.)

OVENS: Ovens have a tendency to become inaccurate. They should be calibrated at least once a year by your friendly gas or electric or manufacturer's man. For accuracy, buy an oven thermometer, the most expensive one. Cheap ones are valueless, which is true of all thermometers.

SPICY MOROCCAN LAMB CASSEROLE: This dish has the virtue of being easy to make (ahead of time so that it only has to be reheated), of being different and of being inexpensive. Serve it with a pilaf of either rice or cracked wheat (bulghur, to be bought at Eastern groceries) and leeks vinaigrette (poached leeks—wash them many times, cut into finger lengths, cover with French dressing and chill).

2 tablespoons butter
2 pounds lean boneless lamb, cut into 2-inch strips
1 large onion, minced
2 garlic cloves, mashed
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups chicken or beef consome
½ teaspoon saffron
½ teaspoon cardamon seeds or ground cardamon
½ teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 cup golden raisins
salt
freshly ground pepper
2 or 3 small yellow or zucchini squash, peeled and cut into small cubes
juice of 1 large lemon

HEAT THE BUTTER in a skillet and brown the lamb in it well on all sides. Transfer the lamb to a three-quart casserole. Cook the onion and garlic in the skillet juices until the onion is soft. Stir in the flour and cook, stirring constantly, for three more minutes. The mixture should be medium brown. Add to the casserole together with the consome, the saffron, the cardamon, ginger, cinnamon, raisins and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well. Simmer covered, over very low heat, stirring occasionally, for about 45 minutes or until the meat is almost tender. Add the squash and cook until the meat and squash are tender. Remove the casserole from the heat and stir in the lemon juice. Six servings.

Note: If you are preparing this ahead of time, cook until the squash should be added. Refrigerate, heat up gently at serving, put in the squash and finish cooking. □

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Academic Freedom 1970

RUSSELL KIRK

Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy
By Sidney Hook
Cowles, $5.95

With his accustomed intrepidity, Professor Sidney Hook takes up his formidable cudgel again in defense of the liberties of college and university. "Although order is possible without justice," he writes, "justice is impossible without order." Intelligent, honest and unsparing of fools, this democratic socialist has been marching up and down these United States for the past two years to speak against the enemies of freedom and order on the campus: this book consolidates his arguments.

Sixteen years ago, in his *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No*, Dr. Hook declared forthrightly that the Communist has no rightful place in the academy. Today, his adversary is the youthful anarchist, rather than the dogmatic member of the Communist Party—but an anarchist screaming "vulgar Marxist" slogans. This new book bears some marks of haste (a good many printer's errors), but Mr. Hook is relentlessly logical and practical as ever. Such of his adversaries as are able to read a serious book must be somewhat shaken in their fanaticism by these closely reasoned chapters.

Hook examines our present violent discontents, the sources of the freedom to teach and the freedom to learn, the assault on academic freedom, the onslaught against the democratic process in the academy, "the barbarism of virtue"; he includes lengthy appendices on the troubles at Berkeley, the SDS and its professional allies, and the University of Colorado's disturbances. Of the present outpouring of books on this dismal, lively subject, probably *Academic Freedom and Academic Anarchy* is the best.

This is a real man and a real scholar writing. Hook exposes with a high contempt the weakness and the illusions of the "ritualistic liberals" (a term coined by Hook years ago), who live by slogan and perceive no enemies to the left. That butterfly Mr. Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* he breaks upon his wheel; certain university presidents who betray the freedom of the academy he flays with whips of scorpions. "If only the party of humanity loved men, including scholars, a little more, and humanity a little less!" (Here he is writing of Herbert Marcuse.)

As for the radical students, Hook approves "the presence of moral concern" among them; but (perhaps echoing Burke, whom he has read nearly as well as he has read Marx) he declares that license of speech does not signify freedom of mind: students, like other men, may be enslaved by their passions. "Despite the prevalence of anti-intellectualism, and perhaps partly because of it, the student population has become 'moralistic.' By 'moralism' I mean an expression of moral concern that by its disregard of historical contexts and alternatives takes positions having consequences that undermine the likelihood of genuine moral advance. 'Moralism' is the stance of God's or history's angry men who bring the world closer to hell than to the heaven whose laws and felicities they proclaim."

To a sincere democratic socialist like Hook, anarchy on the campus is even more disheartening than it is to a conservative like this reviewer. For the silliness of the ritualistic liberals is Hook's own "realistic liberalism" carried to absurdity; and the revolutionary zeal of the young fanatics and fantastics has its source both in Marxist dogma and in Dewey's democratism. Such are the present fruits of egalitarian teaching. Several times Hook pays tribute to his old mentor John Dewey (who, doubtless, would have been as distressed as is Hook by violence and intolerance in the academy); but he is all too aware of latter-day Deweyites who burlesque the disciplines of the intellect.

The muddled humanitarian has betrayed academic freedom. One trusts that Dr. James Perkins, who recently lost the presidency of Cornell University, writhes under Hook's denunciation. On "vague principles of 'social justice,' " Perkins surrendered his university to gangs of swaggering ideologues:

"The principles of academic freedom . . . give qualified teachers the right to utter statements that might anger anyone. Any administrator who is unaware of this—and is unprepared or unwilling to defend a faculty member against those inside or outside the university who are angered by his statements, and seek to refute him not by argument or evidence but by force and violence or threat of force and violence—is manifestly unfit to be an administrator. Even if he is willing to permit himself to be manhandled by students and publicly humiliated when he capitulates to their lawlessness, as was true of Dr. Perkins, he has been guilty of intellectual treason. Worse than the student lout, white or black, who roughs up those to whom he can make no rational response, is the teacher or administrator who kisses the hand that strikes him down."

Undoubtedly the fury of the New Left is directed against the liberals. Professor Samuel Huntington has his class broken up by rude fanatics; the university presidents who have suffered most have been liberals, and the worst

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disorders have occurred on campuses where political liberalism reigned supreme. "There are very few administrators of the well-known colleges and universities of the country," Hook says, "who are not liberal in both their educational and political outlook. It is a safe generalization that educational administrators as a group are more liberal, more experimental minded than faculties."

WHY, THEN, have the "activist" students deserted these gentlemen and gone whoring after the doctrines of Professor Herbert Marcuse, that Marxist who, "to escape the appearance of imposing his personal and arbitrary views of what the Society of the Right and Virtuous must be, with all its trappings of polymorphic sexuality . . . must defend the objectivity of the liberating ideal in behalf of which he advocates systematic intolerance"? Why have these students, and many of the younger professors, renounced the Good Old Cause of reasonable progress, democracy and rational liberalism?

To that question, Hook offers no clear answer. It would be difficult for him to confess that latter-day liberalism has grown boring and sterile; that men, and the rising generation especially, must live by some high norms; and that when the old normative structure has been undermined by pragmatism, ideology rushes in to fill the vacuum. Thus we sink into "the barbarism of virtue," shrieking out " 'allegiance to humanity' and other synonymous expressions equally edifying."

Sidney Hook ranges himself with those who hold "that the primary goal of the university—or 'mission' if one prefers a grander word—and of the scholar and professional association of scholars is not the quest for virtue or power but the quest for significant truths, their transmission and critical evaluation by teaching and/or publication, and the promotion of programs of study, research and teaching to further the goal." Whether he knows it or not, here Professor Hook writes as John Henry Newman wrote. Hook himself is better and stronger than the pragmatic and socialist notions he has defended these many years. □

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language
Edited by William Morris
American Heritage, Inc. and Houghton Mifflin, $7.95 Plain, $8.95 Thumb-Indexed, $12.50 Deluxe

OF KLEENEX, XEROX AND SUCH-LIKE

GUY DAVENPORT

Some years ago, on a particularly distraught evening, the drift of things into chaos was precipitated by my consulting Webster's Third International for the word *Mauser*. All I wanted to know was whether it sported an umlaut or not. It wasn't there. I paid $47.50 for my Webster's; it weighs as much as a six-year-old girl; and I had to build a table for it, as it is too bulky to go into a bookshelf, and will anyway come all to pieces unless it sits open day and night. And no *Mauser*. Indeed, Webster's is wary of trade names of any sort, not to mention all proper names whatever. They recognize *kleenex* (but not *Xerox*), *frigidaire* (but not *Jockey shorts*), *kodak* (but not *Bufferin*). One would like to have been a mouse in the rafters, to overhear the editorial battles at Webster's, as to what is and what isn't a word in the English language. Diction is thoroughly conservative; one word per object, admonishes the Muse. I once popped into *le drugstore* next door to the *Rhumerie martiniquaise* on the Boulevard St. Germain. *"Et alors,"* I said, *"est-ce que vous avez mouchoirs de papier peut-être?"*

"Ah!" said the lady addressed, *"vous voulez dire le kleenex!"*

Stan Brakhage, the film-maker, was once shooting a TV commercial for Scotties, the purpose being to get people to recognize another name for *mouchoirs de papier*. "And now, sweetheart," said the formidable Brakhage to the moppet who was the star of his commercial, "when I hold up my hand, blow your nose on the kleenex." If, however, you put the word *kleenex* into print, you will receive by the next mail a stern letter from the manufacturers of same pointing out that you should have written *Kleenex*—they have given up expecting *Kleenex (Reg. Trade Mark)*—and hinting that if you persist in writing *kleenex* rather than *Kleenex*, a big blue policeman will appear at your door. Ditto the Xerox people, who maintain a bumbailiff who does nothing but search public writ looking for *xerox*; then he pounces.

NO WONDER DICTIONARIES have a nervous view of a whole family of words which the people use with utter abandon and licentiousness. In the new *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, for instance, we find *Coke* (Reg. Trade Mark) but not *Coca-Cola*. (The senior members of my family down in South Carolina always refer to Coca-Cola as "a dope," and my intrepid mother calls it "a Pepsi," enough to make the public relations boys in Atlanta weep and wring their hands.) The AHDEL is generous with names aborning, but only within cautious limits. *Thermofax*, for instance, and *kotex* are not, as far as the American Heritage people are concerned, part of our language.

A dictionary should by definition be a vocabulary of a language, a task beyond both human effort and the might of computers. Languages are intractable for the simple reason that they are

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wildly alive, dropping words no longer useful and inventing new ones. (The AHDEL dutifully lists *quark*, a subatomic hypothetical particle, but misspells *Finnegans Wake* as *Finnegan's Wake* in giving the literary source from which a scientist whimsically took its name.) Actually a dictionary is a vocabulary restricted by the concept of diction: the range of words in use at a particular time, if—big *if*!—diction were of a coherence. It isn't.

The part of a language in use at any given time is hierarchically arranged in two great patterns, a vertical one rising to the pure and Olympian style of Santayana or Henry James, and sinking to the low and racy gabble of modern poets and used-car dealers. There is overlying this an horizontal gradation of dialect and professional jargon, together with the disastrous traumas of education wherein native dialects of great color and precision have been badgered into "correcting" their English. Thus "between you and I" and "irregardless" and "I have saw," and all the other monsters whose inception can be laid at the sore feet of the English teacher. And then there was the stern hand of Noah Webster himself, who felt that everything in a word that could be pronounced should: hence, *falcon* pronounced so that its first syllable rhymes with *shall*. That dread bird is a *fawk'n*. And *forehead*, pronounced *ad litteram*, rather than *forrid*. The AHDEL mispronounces the one, but heroically holds to tradition with the other.

Along with a pervasive deterioration of idiom and the chronic misbehavior of pronouns in the objective case, the most thoroughgoing abuse of English by American tongues is the pronunciation of words seen but apparently never heard, and I fear me that the AHDEL offers encouragement to these ignorances by listing the mispronunciations (eg., *hover, plover, kiln*), as a second and therefore good enough pronunciation.

THE FORMAT of this dictionary follows that of the Larousse dictionaries and encyclopedias in France, placing the illustrations in an ample margin. These are for the most part sharply reproduced photographs, breaking the tradition, thank goodness, of the drawing and wood engraving. There is an annoying up-to-dateness in the selection of illustrations. One can see what U Thant looks like, but not Sir Walter Scott; Jomo Kenyatta, but not John Adams. Giorgio de Chirico is misspelled as "di Chirico."

The whole virtue of a dictionary, however, is in the precision with which it defines words. And it is here that the AHDEL loses its crisp appearance and sits in the muck beside Webster's Third and all the rest in our time, with the exception of the old Collier's New Century Dictionary, one of the nobler efforts of William James and his circle. But the art of definition seems to have died with Samuel Johnson, whose stern clarities can still be detected behind the graceless mangles of modern lexicography. For example, the AHDEL's definition of poker, "one that pokes; specifically, a metal rod used to stir a fire," is a spastic version of Johnson's majestic "the iron bar with which men stir the fire."

Scratch, "a linelike mark produced by scratching" (AHDEL): "an incision ragged and shallow" (Johnson). *Pastor*, "a Christian minister in his capacity of having spiritual charge over a congregation or other group" (AHDEL); "a clergyman who has the care of a flock; one who has souls to feed with sound doctrine" (Johnson). Johnson's science is of course imagistic rather than schematic; where modern dictionaries give us cold taxonomy (*Scorpion*, any of various arachnids of the order Scorpionida . . .), Johnson offered a homely poetry—*Scorpion*, "a reptile much resembling a small lobster, but that his tail ends in a point with a very venomous sting." And for all of Johnson's fame as a pedantic old grouch rumbling out latinate words, it is he and not a modern dictionary who can be counted on to blurt out a simple, blunt definition. For *shrub* the AHDEL gives "a woody plant of relatively low height." Johnson: "A bush; a small tree." And (the AHDEL having followed Webster's Third out of the Freu-

RANDOM NOTES

■ Professor Eugene Genovese, reported in this column (Dec. 30) to have been drummed out of the New Left, did some drumming-out of his own at the American Historical Convention, which met in Washington during the last week of December. Speaking of his former friends, and their efforts to subvert the goals of the historical profession, Genovese angrily declared, "They must be suppressed!" He was echoed by Harvard's H. Stuart Hughes and Yale's C. Vann Woodward, who characterized the student leftists as tonsorial freaks, endeavoring to combine cavalier hair-styles with roundheaded earnestness. Woodward's remarks will be published in the spring number of the *American Historical Review*. Meanwhile Genovese's latest book, *The World the Slaveholders Made*, is being panned in the leftist press.

■ The Community of European Writers—an Italian-based organization with many members on both sides of the Iron Curtain—has taken a firm stand against the persecution of Soviet writers, in particular Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who was recently expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union. While praising the courage of the five hundred Russian writers and intellectuals who refused to join the attack against Solzhenitsyn, the Community announced that if the attacks continue it will be forced to break all ties with the Soviet Writers' Union.

■ Author Auberon Waugh has announced that he will run as an independent candidate for Parliament in a by-election in Somerset this winter. Waugh has been the most eloquent critic of Britain's Nigerian policies. . . . Roger Garaudy, the leading French Communist intellectual, has penned a searing attack against the French Communist Party and its Soviet masters. . . . With all the publicity granted to Townsend Hoopes' pedestrian account of the twilight of the Johnson Administration, critics have generally ignored Henry Brandon's *Anatomy of Error: The Inside Story of the Asian War on the Potomac* (Gambit, $4.50), which covers the same events with greater professional understanding and historical perspective.

■ Professor Harry Johnson of the London School of Economics demonstrates the theoretical similarities between John Maynard Keynes and Milton Friedman in "Keynes and the Keynesians," *Encounter*, January. . . . For a brilliant conservative interpretation of Keynes see Axel Leijonhufvud's *Keynes and the Classics* (Institute of Economic Affairs Occasional Paper 30).

■ This year's potential sleeper from a university press, *Manufacture of Heavy Electrical Equipment in Developing Countries* (Johns Hopkins). . . . Richard Bourne's important *Political Leaders of Latin America* (Penguin) contains interesting biographies of the Brazilian conservative Carlos Lacerda, and Paraguay's boss Alfredo Stroessner.

■ Readers who found Kevin Phillips' *Emerging Republican Majority* to be of interest will want to consult Arthur Klebanoff's informative article "Is There a Jewish Vote?" in the January issue of *Commentary*.

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dian jungle of words once taboo to gentility) look who leaps quickest to the safety of a euphemism: *piss*, "to urinate" (AHDEL); "to make water" (Johnson).

A good dictionary ought to be one's handy spelling-book, source of enlightenment for hard words, and guide to correct usage. The AHDEL will serve for all of these, but I don't see that it has added any new quality to lexicography. I shall take my copy to the office, to ornament the desk; my worktable at home shall keep its American Century and its Johnson, and when a hairy scientific word comes along or an impenetrable acronym, I shall still walk across the room to Webster's Third International, hoping that it isn't a registered trade name. □

Alfalfa Bill Murray
By Keith L. Bryant
University of Oklahoma, $6.95
Huey Long
By T. Harry Williams
Knopf, $12.50

TWO TYPES OF 'POPULIST'

M. E. BRADFORD

Huey Pierce Long, the Louisiana Kingfish, and the somewhat older William "Cowboy" or "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma both served as governor of their respective states under the shadow of the Great Depression (Long from 1928, Murray from 1930). Both performed their roles in an arena dominated by the personality of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and upon a Roosevelt-supporting rural base. And both had in conflict with the "great leader" a lasting influence on the character of their followers and world. In fact, when the two began to find fault with FDR's statist policy, they became (in 1933 and 1934) his chief opponents within the Democratic fold.

However, the resemblance ends there. For Long was a real Populist, a man of the Left in all but foreign policy, mild ethnocentricity, and a sometimes interest in state sovereignty (especially when Roosevelt impinged upon his absolute control of Louisiana). And Murray was an old-fashioned "*tertium quid*," an heir to John Taylor, Alexander Stephens and the Southern fathers of his party. The distinction between these two fire-eaters, in the context of 1970, deserves Plutarchian elaboration. There is a lesson in it, especially for the prosperous and deracinated urbanite conservatives to whom I recommend these "parallel" lives.

For the moment, consider the origins of Populism, genuine and so-called, in the years following the first Reconstruction. Unlike the travail the South now endures, that earlier benefaction entailed shame *and* poverty *and* political impotence. It drove a whole people back upon their fundamental resources, the rich earth of their region and the ancient piety which informed their relation to it. Moreover it bound them together: not just *vis à vis* the conqueror in whose clutches they scratched for subsistence but also in relation to immediate environs beyond the boundaries of their circle of kindred, their community or state. (Frontier conditions had done something very like for Far and Midwestern populations but were not reinforced with the special "advantage" of military defeat, occupation, and the freedman's omnipresence. And reaction to the Eastern money hegemony in those parts was therefore as predictable as in the South, but less virulent.)

AFTER RECONSTRUCTION, Southerners returned to authority what remained of the class which had led them in their test by fire. But sooner or later, in every state of the region, the rank and file of plain people came to believe that this trust had been betrayed. Once the hot blood of the Redemption had been cooled and the Bourbon collusion with the old enemy observed, an internecine explosion was inevitable. Mechanization, urbanization and bad money policy (plus that old devil, the tariff) left the raw material and farming states at an ever worsening disadvantage. They threatened a whole way of life, an identity. And like their rural victims, they too could be localized. Without really submitting to Marxist categories, the struggle thus reduced to a sectional *them* v. *us*. Out of the dialectic came the "new politics" of 1890-1925 and the new political voices who understood them. And only two courses were open to those men. One was Long's—the other Murray's.

Historical summary aside, however, I would not explain away my subjects with the shopworn apparatus of environmental determinism. Their manhood (as Williams insists of Long, and Bryant admits of Murray) deserves better. Each was an extraordinary, exuberant individual; and either one would have been noteworthy in almost any society. But, once again, the attempts at extending an analogy must stop short. Long was (despite Williams' admiration for him) distinctive chiefly in his exclusive passion for politics, his flawless sense of (and devotion to) the course of his own advantage, his physical cowardice, and his coldness toward close relations (unless he could use them). Where he found only the potential for class conflict, he crystallized that discontent, rising as he "hurled the little streets upon the great." And he ran hard all the way—as a schoolboy, as a youth, in trade, in the practice of law, in state and national office, and in his "amusements." About Bill Murray, none of this could be said. Even in his abortive venture as Bolivian colonizer, his moments of towering wrath, and his compulsive composition of books and pamphlets on every imaginable subject, Murray was *of* the Oklahoma he ushered into being in 1907 and hovered over protectively until his death in 1956.

Early in their careers, Long and Murray set their faces against the great industrial interests of their region. This looks like a Populist bond, if there is such a thing. Yet with it I come to the crux of my distinction. Alfalfa Bill despised all schemes which threatened to *impose* equality in wealth and station; and only to protect the union of the states—to counter the growth of a degrading overlord-colony relationship among component parts of the body politic and economic—did he play the irredentist. For he anticipated that our system could not remain immune to the seductive voices of envy without a wide distribution of real property and a confederal dispersal of political power.

Huey Long, as he repeated at every opportunity, fed upon the very disease Murray sought to prevent. And though no ideological socialist, Long's progress with "Every Man a King" (a real threat to Roosevelt in 1936) argued—yes, forced—nothing less than a steady leftward erosion. Between Long and the shambling figure who first thundered against the out-of-state exploiters from the courthouse squares and then in old age wandered up and down the Indian Nation in behalf of J. Strom Thurmond for President, there is nothing in common.

Indeed, as Bryant concludes, Murray

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fell out of step with the outer world, persisted "agrarian" and "xenophobe" beyond the heyday of these postures. And for a while his legions left him. But, as in the years of the first backlands revolt, it is again possible to measure doctrines by their human product, not their economic advantage. Astonishingly enough, Alfalfa Bill's anachronism may have been prophetic, rather than amusing. Only at our peril can we, while hiding behind the catchwords which give us ease, ignore the cultural imperatives he honored. Like Bryant, we may be "nervous" or uncomfortable with the Murrays around us. But we had better understand and profit from their example; otherwise, we will get first more Roosevelts and then more Longs. □

De Gaulle, Israel and the Jews
By Raymond Aron
Praeger, $5.95

ONE MORE GAULLIST RIDDLE

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Raymond Aron is, very properly, among the most respected of modern French political writers. During the "events" of May-June 1968, he kept his head when all about were losing theirs; as a consequence, left-wing printers—and newspapers afraid of their printers—refused to publish what he wrote. General de Gaulle is, by any standard, one of the great men, and certainly the greatest Frenchman, of our time. And de Gaulle's alleged antisemitism, or, to be more precise, his switch of policy from backing Israel to apparently backing the Arabs, must surely rank among the more perplexing and intriguing aberrations of recent history.

Put these three elements together and you should have a very interesting book. That it hasn't turned out that way is the result partly of the sort of book this is, and partly of the inconclusive nature of the subject. A book consisting mainly, as this one does, of newspaper articles written over a number of years is rarely satisfying. The thinness of the material is emphasized by the fact that we are given first the only chapter which matters—Professor Aron's response to the celebrated press conference at which General de Gaulle dropped his verbal bomb in the Jewish camp—and then a series of articles, mostly from *Figaro*, in which Aron had discussed the Middle East situation at various earlier points in time, from 1960 to 1967.

Neither Professor Aron's own style nor the ponderously worthy translation adds any sparkle to this formula. Perhaps you can say in English that nothing has happened since the press conference to make it "less actual": perhaps you can talk about misunderstandings which "the exegete" might contrive to clear up: but it would be better not to.

Nor is the argument itself as cool and lucid as we might hope from a French philosopher. On the contrary, Professor Aron has, as the saying goes, lost his cool. In the principal essay he flails wildly at de Gaulle and de Gaulle's supporters. What makes the Professor so angry, it soon appears, isn't just the thing which has angered him but the fact of his own anger, the fact that he feels an emotional involvement where he might have expected to feel detached. He is, in his own phrase, "a dejudaized Jew." He has no ties with the Jewish religion. He was never a Zionist. He always believed himself to be wholly French. And yet he suddenly finds himself, hackles risen, flying, like a lioness in defense of her cubs, to the support of his—well, what? His "race"? His "co-religionists"? A myth which binds even those who have discarded it? He doesn't know. But the phenomenon is real, and abrasive to his philosophic calm.

FOR REASONS not altogether clear, he opposed the Anglo-French-Israeli action over Suez in 1956. "Did the advantages," he asks, "balance out the moral cost of this venture, which the secret collusion with Sir Anthony Eden and M. Guy Mollet had made quite unacceptable to the best, to the true friends of Israel?" Why this collusion should strike him as so immoral, he doesn't say: and he goes on to talk as though his real objection was on grounds, not of immorality, but of inexpediency. He is certainly not objecting to outside intervention as such. "The crisis (of 1967) would have been defused," he wrote just before the Six-Day War began, "if three thousand British and American marines had been landed at Sharm-el-Sheik as a temporary replacement for the UN force."

But General de Gaulle's repudiation of Israel seems to him, if not immoral (for perhaps France should have neither friends nor enemies but only interests), certainly inexpedient, and the General's remarks about the Jewish people as both immoral and inexpedient. The key sentence from the press conference was this:—"Some even feared that the Jews, scattered hitherto but who had remained what they had always been, that is an elite people, self-assured and domineering, might, once they were reunited, turn the very moving hopes they had formed over nineteen centuries: 'Next year in Jerusalem,' into a burning ambition of conquest." And, a little further on, de Gaulle spoke, with careful ambiguity, of the ill-feeling which, throughout history, the Jews had "provoked, or rather aroused."

He tried afterwards to soothe the storm which these observations provoked, or rather aroused, by insisting that they were meant as a compliment. But General de Gaulle was never the man to make uncalculated mistakes. He must have intended the effect he produced. This impression was consistent with the embargo on the supply of Mirage fighters for Israel, and with his prior denunciation, in 1967, of whichever side in the Middle East fired *the* first shot—a denunciation which, given the strategic geography of the situation, amounted to an inevitable pre-judgment against Israel.

WHY DID HE DO IT? Why did he seemingly reverse his own, and France's, previous position? One explanation is that France's backing of Israel was an accidental consequence of the Algerian conflict; and, once this was over, the traditional French links with the Arab world reasserted themselves. Such an alignment might have seemed more satisfactory to de Gaulle anyway since it detached France from the Anglo-Saxons and offered what he might have regarded as a useful point of contact with Soviet influence.

If so, it was a miscalculation. By gratuitously alienating himself from Israel and pro-Israeli sentiment, without obtaining any real new leverage among the Arabs, he rendered France less, not more, capable of playing a significant role. Perhaps he was offended that the Israelis had not paid more attention to his guidance; so he unrolled his historical vision for the benefit of the world. "But," as Professor Aron says, "for all its splendor, the Word cannot at one fell swoop, create peace along the Suez Canal or in Jordan."

The Word cannot create peace but it can very easily create hostility. "Many

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Jews," Aron concludes, "in France and outside France, wept after the press conference not because they were afraid of persecution but because they had lost their hero." □

John Adams
By Anne Husted Burleigh
Arlington House, $7

LIBERTY'S LAWYER

CLYDE WILSON

Henry Adams, great-grandson of John, remarked that the line from Washington to Grant was enough to shake one's faith in evolution. This addition to the Arlington House "Architects of Freedom" series, providing us with an even longer span to contemplate, confirms anew the suspicion that evolution is not always an ascending progress.

The Massachusetts which nurtured Honest John Adams of Braintree—a commonwealth which was, like Adams himself, very English and yet American to the bone, at the same time aristocratic and plain, with a frontier love of liberty and a puritan wariness of liberty's pitfalls, and as stern in judging itself as in judging others—this commonwealth is not the same as that which takes Teddy of Chappaquiddick to its heart. The old Massachusetts has long since changed its ethnic composition, but even before that it yielded itself up to Emerson, Thoreau and Sumner—just the sort of parlor radicals that Adams despised.

Mrs. Burleigh is a Hoosier housewife and newspaperwoman of twenty-eight. Given the sad decline of Massachusetts, it is fitting that this tribute to her greatest son should come out of Indiana, whither so many of the sturdier Yankees trekked in the nineteenth century. Conservatives of the South and West, while giving Adams due regard, will, I suspect, hold other heroes closer to their hearts. It is probably Indiana that today among the states best exemplifies the love of ordered liberty embedded in law that is here as Adams' special cause and contribution.

THE INSTINCT for this mutual dependency of liberty and law explains all of Adams' thought and action: assaulting British officials with every legal argument and maneuver while defending the soldiers who fired on the Boston mob; fostering Revolution and trembling over the potential disorder thus released; hastening to clamp a bridle of laws, of checks and balances, on the states he had helped lead to independence. Here we see the Revolution unfold as it unfolded in Adams' mind—none of France's closet utopias or today's formless and puerile resentments, but a great law case. Plaintiffs; thirteen aggrieved American polities. Defendants: the British Parliament and King. Rules: the inherent logic, prescriptive rights, and (as long as it held) due process, of the great legal tradition both parties shared.

Before beginning the book I feared that another work on John Adams might be superfluous. Both the man and his thought have been the subject of many books, some of them very good. I was wrong. Here we have a John Adams not seen before in just this light—a fine conventional biography combined with a cogent distillation of his conservative thought. The presentation of John Adams the conservative in such an attractive vehicle and aimed at a wide audience is a benchmark in the increasing sophistication, respectability, relevance and historical self-awareness of resurgent American conservatism.

The John Adams of our folklore and school texts (which have almost everything about our history wrong) is a kind of comic relief of the Revolution —a pompous patriot. Others have essayed the task of making him human, but none has done so good a job as Mrs. Burleigh. Not that she has made a clinical survey of his warts and hangnails, but that she has given us in full flesh a man who had his share of flaws and frailties, but about whom there was nothing ridiculous. It requires great skill to combine a colorful narrative with a successful exposition of serious ideas—if you don't believe it, try—and this Mrs. Burleigh, in her first book, has done very well.

One notes that late in life Adams and his friend and nemesis, Jefferson, were reconciled and came to view matters from different points but to similar conclusions. The author seems aware that the congruence of these grandsires of the two branches of American conservatism was always more fundamental than their divergence, and thus offers a precedent for union. But her revival of our greatest advocate of ordered liberty is even more important. America, from Supreme Court to schoolchild, desperately needs to regain its old respect for law. This book may aid in that recovery. □

OF POT AND PIGS: THE NEW CINEMA

GEOFFREY WAGNER

The American moviegoer is used to clichés. In fact, he enjoys them. The result is that the new rhetoric of the hippie cinema is rapidly anesthetizing the alleged liberalism of its master concepts. With MGM announcing a loss last year of some $36 million, and Paramount not far behind, shoestring cinema made with the aid of pimple-cream pushers like Arlo Guthrie, or free kids found by the Perrys, will obviously attract perspiring front offices. *Coming Apart . . . Three . . . John and Mary . . Bob and Carol . . .* the variations are minor within the new mindlessness.

The new vocabulary of these movies insists that instead of the "good" cowboy discharging social debts—Buck Jones flailing his way across the prairies in a white hat—anyone who smokes pot is automatically good, and the evasion of such debts eminently desirable. Parenthetically, one observes that in that admirable elegy *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* the white hat belonged to the hired assassin ("Who can these guys be?" repeatedly asks "Butch," Paul Newman. "How could they do such a thing?"). In *Last Summer,* freely adapted from an Evan Hunter fiction and lightly critical of such social irresponsibility, the young cop-outs smoke joints left handy by their parents, in their Fire Island pad.

Society cheats, so why shouldn't they? Life is a lie, so why not lie to it? It took Jacques Barzun to point out that students who choose to cheat on this basis would yell "moida" if their professors did the same to them. *Easy Rider* assumes the new rhetoric most glibly. A well photographed film, it features an extended sequence on inhalation techniques and the like, rather peremptorily excluding that minority among us who hate to pull smoke into their lungs at all. While Peter Fonda preaches the elementaries, he proffers the good weed as alternative to booze.

Surely this is the laziest cliché of all —either you get stoned on liquor or on pot—as if the two were not self-cancelling; in both cases the state of simple sobriety is eschewed and human duties relinquished, in the same way that the

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classification of any opposition (for Charles Manson, note, it was the rich, rather than the police) as "pig" ridicules the guff spewed out alongside about human individuality. Artificial euphoria comes in various guises, and always has. Pot may be less toxic than J & B but it is still an evasion technique. Laws are an awful nuisance, aren't they?

As a matter of fact, the skilfully edited anthology of "pig" brutality in *Medium Cool* failed to shock this observer, who had seen how French *flics* treat *their* student rioters. Anyone who has taught at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York knows that cops are largely lower-class; they see the hippie culture as a self-elected aristocracy of sophistication. In the new cinema we are back with the stumbling Mack Sennett "dick," the flatfoot of tradition. It is very sad. One notes that in these new movies no terminology for the "good guy," viz. the dirty, irresponsible, hatred-driven, trigger-happy pot-hero, has been coined. *Esquire* tried the "pukes" in a recent issue, and Hayakawa the "punks," but neither got too far.

Calling someone a pig or a rabbit or a zebra means little except to local morale, and the lexicon of these new movies—"dig . . . man . . . beautiful . . . flipped . . . rapping . . . freak"—rings with a phoniness that betrays its own sentimentality, and is seen through by any city student today. In *Easy Rider* all Fonda seems able to articulate is "Wow!" and "Man!", a litany of the aphasic that would not get him far in the classrooom. The clue is given best perhaps when, at one of the hippie communes frequently portrayed (*Easy Rider*, *Alice's Restaurant*, etc.) a giggling Jesus-beard gets out, "D. H. Lawrence, man."

One clears one's throat, noisily. Long before he freaked out in New Mexico, man, Lawrence, like read all these books, dig? He analyzed his society. (No one reads in hippie movies.) Sure, Lawrence flirted with fascism but, having once smelt it, he renounced it. The hippie cinema is gigglingly advocating it. It is significant that a *foreign* import called *More* (significantly booed at a recent West Coast youth festival) attributed a neo-fascist nature to the "connection." A filmic footnote to *Naked Lunch*, where Burroughs stared at his shoes for eight hours on end, this movie was a significant document about human responsibility. It was largely written off by the reviewers as an anti-junkie essay. Interesting that it came from the continent of Coleridge and de Quincey, Baudelaire and Hoffmann, eh?

The film was almost an apology for pot. But the hard-stuff addicts were shown, as Burroughs showed them, as human vegetables. The girl played by Mimsey Farmer, shooting under her tongue and rejecting the glory of the present Mediterranean landscape, found love a meaningless term. She simply did not know what it meant. So her German lover died in an *ibizencan* alley, like the dog that had just strolled out of it. *Midnight Cowboy* (though not a junkie movie) said the same about human responsibility. Jim Herlihy's fine parody of the American dream showed the acquistion of knowledge accompanied by the loss of innocence in (one hopes) a final Garden of Eden allegory. *Putney Swope* was by far the worst of all. Lamentably far behind *Mad* Magazine it staged every cliché possible, in a viciously anti-Negro movie. And without the clichés, what? Without bad "pigs" and good "pot" how can you work up a decent riot, man, for God's sake? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

On Being Swedish: *Reflections Towards a Better Understanding of the Swedish Character, by Paul Britten Austin, (U. of Miami Press, 182 pp., $5.95)* We need more like this. Subjective, a combination of sociology, social history, iiterary analysis, art criticism, all filtered through a keen and sensitive intelligence to give us a feeling for what Lionel Trilling calls the buzz and hum of implication, the stuff which lies behind the history and sociology of a society and gives it its unique flavor and characteristics, the stuff which is carefully squeezed out of most contemporary scholarly works. Married to Ingmar Bergman's sister, Austin is an Englishman who lives in Sweden. As a British expatriate, in love with his adopted country as perhaps only an expatriate can be, his views are especially valuable to Americans attempting to understand what is a very different sort of culture, for Austin provides a look at one European society through the eyes of a member of another. This double distillation lends perspective, distance, and therefore a measure of objectivity. A fine book for anyone curious about such things as Swedish sympathy for American deserters, or for anyone planning a first trip to Sweden.

J. R. COYNE JR.

Patrick Henry: Patriot and Statesman, *by Norine Dickson Campbell (Devin-Adair, $10)*. Despite his contributions to the Revolution, which included much more than the renowned liberty-or-death speech, Henry has never been the subject of a satisfactory biography. He has remained an enigma and his life a field for enemies and mythmakers. This somewhat rough-hewn labor of love by a lady of Henry's own county, Hanover, resolves some of the mysteries of his personality and influence and dispels some persistent distortions: the nineteenth-century myth of Henry the ill-educated and lazy backwoods demagogue and the twentieth-century myth of the proletarian revolutionary. As governor, Henry was more energetic, and as politician, less expediential, than Jefferson who made the charges of laziness and demagogy. The backwoodsman, I learned here, was a relative of Lord Brougham and the son of a Scottish university graduate. American liberty owes much to fusion of the frontier and aristocratic spirits, as exemplified by Patrick Henry, and neither

(Continues on page 99)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[GEORGE HORACE] LORIMER: LETTERS OF A [SELF-MADE] MERCHANT [TO HIS SON]

You can insult a person or praise him by the way in which you express yourself. For example: if a young man tells a young lady that her face could stop a clock, she is insulted: but if he tells her that when he gazes upon her face time stands still, she is flattered.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 97)

spirit had anything to do with the proletariat or the plutocracy of cities. The chapter on Henry's opposition to the Constitution particularly should be pondered by conservatives. There is always profit in examining the American Revolution and the gentlemen who made it, and an adequate examination, as in this case, can never fail to be a rebuke to succeeding generations. C. WILSON

MAGELLAN'S VOYAGE, *by Antonio Pigafetta, translated by R. A. Skelton (Yale, a limited edition, two volumes, $100)*. The journal kept by the Venetian aristocrat and adventurer Antonio Pigafetta during the epoch-making voyage of Ferdinand Magellan stands as one of the central literary monuments of the Age of Discovery. The work has come down to us from a French apograph of 1525 and has been translated into several languages, including English. The sumptuously produced Yale edition, however, includes what must be considered the first truly definitive English translation by the former curator of the British Museum Map Room, R. A. Skelton. To this must be added the magnificent color reproductions of several of the most vivid and colorful manuscripts in Yale's Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Later this year a more reasonably priced black-and-white facsimile will be published, which will enable the general reader to obtain this work. This book is something much more than a mere coffee-table ornament. There is no adventure story more exciting than this account of Magellan's circumnavigation of the world, and for this reason alone *NR*'s more affluent readers may want to own this book. P. P. WITONSKI

VAN DEN HAAG

(Continued from page 87)

As a positive incentive, semi-permanent birth control devices should be made available, free of charge, to all who want them; and a federal bounty of $100 should be paid to any woman who accepts an approved, permanent or semi-permanent contraceptive device.

Such bounties have had excellent success in undeveloped countries. They certainly are far cheaper financially—not to speak of human costs—than it is not to pay them. They ought to be available not just to welfare clients but to all fertile women; this might prevent some of them from becoming welfare clients. It would also make the matter politically easier and would not, I think, cost much more: people who are affluent are unlikely to apply for the bounty. The major cost probably is not the bounty but the services of the physicians. I think that cost is entirely worthwhile; and far less than the cost of not inducing people to control the birth rate. (Various present health agencies and insurance schemes might be utilized.)

It seems very likely that within a short time semi-permanent devices other than the IUD will be available. IUDs are not tolerated by some women and are unsuitable for women who have never given birth. While IUDs could be quite useful, semi-permanent versions of "the pill," without the incidental effects that make some women ineligible now, are likely to become available quite soon. And many women will prefer them.[1]

Positive incentives never will be enough as long as irresponsible men have no incentive, nothing to gain, from avoiding procreation with irresponsible women. A federal law is needed making it a crime (punishable by between three to five years of detention) for any man to act, intentionally or by neglect, so as to risk conception—if (at the time of conception) by reasonable standards, he was not capable, or (at any time) not willing to support the child (unless he had sufficient reason to believe that the mother was willing and able to do so, by using private means). The penalty may be suspended if the defendant supports the child to the court's satisfaction.[2]

Neither the need for nor the morality of such a law requires argument. What about effectiveness? The main objection is that the absconding fathers cannot be found. This has been the case in the past. But they were not seriously sought, since their non-support was not regarded as a serious crime; and it was not a federal offense. Once it is made a serious federal crime, a sufficient number of men can be punished to have a deterrent effect. After all, circumstances are such that a witness is necessarily available—which is not the case when burglary or murder is committed. (Applicants for welfare payments should receive such payments only if willing to cooperate in the procedures required for apprehension and conviction of fathers who willfully do not support their children.) Punishment may not prevent people from having promiscuous intercourse, but it can deter from causing conception by neglect, or from refusing to support offspring. Unless Mr. Nixon's proposals are supplemented by the legislation outlined, the steady rise in abandoned families will continue[3]—and no conceivable welfare system will be able to deal with them satisfactorily. The "welfare mother" conceived by the system must be contra-ceived by it. □

1. Needless to say, no conscientious objector need accept or insert such a device. No pressure should be brought on anyone to accept these devices. As for objections to the use of tax money for such purposes, my taxes are now used for purposes for which I disapprove—including subsidization of unwanted conceptions. (Note that not preventing conception has not discouraged fornication; preventing conception is unlikely to encourage it).

2. Women cannot be held to account without harming the child. Men can. Note that the penalties proposed are milder than the indefinite prison sentences now inflicted for non-support, regardless of ability to pay.

3. Other measures—such as decreasing welfare support payments for additional children—tend to hit most the least responsible persons, the children.

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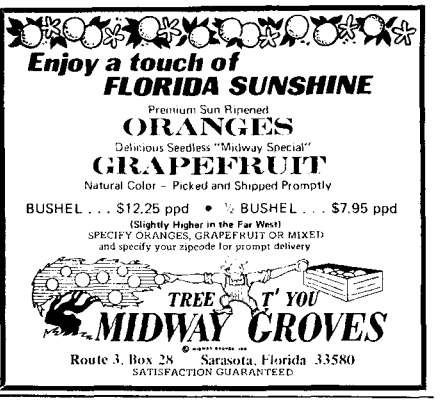
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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Dr. Baird of East Harlem

New York, Jan. 12—Dr. Robert Baird of New York City is in some respects a controversial man, whose plain-spokenness is measured by his statement that he would willingly commit any convicted pusher to death by hanging on a meat hook. Such a sentiment, if that is the word for it, serves to attract attention—followed by disgust. Although the judgment survives that the recommended punishment is hardly appropriate for any crime, the man who recommends it is forgiven by anyone who fastens on his activities, because Dr. Baird, whatever his faults, is a genuine saint.

By day, Dr. Baird is a proper, Fifth Avenue endocrinologist. At night, he repairs to East Harlem where, year after year, every night, often until four in the morning, he tries to help narcotic addicts. One night a week he presides over a group therapy session, which conventionally focuses on the problems of the most recent arrival, which last week was a young girl, aged thirteen, there because her father, a shy, learned Jewish gentleman, prevailed upon her to go, and expose to the doctor that she regularly smokes marijuana.

The room is the size of a small living-room. Thirty people came in, took chairs while waiting for the doctor to come out (he was giving individual treatment in his office adjoining).

THE DOCTOR CAME OUT. He is in his middle forties, a bachelor who worked his way through medical school as a male model. He sits on a stool, and asks everyone in the room to ask a question, one at a time. He knows everyone there on a first-name basis, and indeed knows what questions are likely to be asked.

Dave wants to know why people who live in high society think it's easier to get addicted if you live in poverty.

Beautiful, who has yet to take the psychological pummeling that will begin soon, wants to know what she's doing there.

Bob wants to know why so many people who start on pot wind up on heroin.

Rudy wants to know whether hypnosis helps.

Donna wants to know about the sleeping cure in Sweden. Dr. Baird asks her, does she know the name of the Secretary of State? No, Donna doesn't, and Dr. Baird tells her impatiently that her general ignorance, in the context of her particular knowledge of experimental Swedish therapy, is an index of her self-centeredness.

Johnny wants to know why some people go on to heroin from marijuana whereas others do not.

Sandy asks whether certain personality traits are common among drug addicts.

Donna returns to ask why she has felt so lousy for three days now even though she hasn't had a fix. Dr. Baird asks her how long she had been using horse. She replies fourteen years. He has made his point.

Back to Beautiful, and a most relentless interrogation which two hours later is still continuing. Only the quiet adamance of her desperate father prevents Beautiful from splitting. She comes close to tears. She shouts back at Dr. Baird. He calls her a liar, selfish, deceitful, depraved, ungrateful. One's sympathies are with Beautiful, but then one notices something strange, that everyone in the room is on the side of the inquisitor—everyone without exception. And yet it is not an act of corporate sadism. They manage to communicate their faith that Dr. Baird's coarse, unsparing treatment will help Beautiful, help her in the way that that treatment appears to have helped them. Everyone there, in turn, went through it himself, alone; and they all are back, voluntarily, to help themselves, and to help others: to do the former via the latter, which is the principle of group therapy.

The next evening I went to see *Easy Rider*. The two heroes whose idyll the movie records are headed for New Orleans, to unload a few pounds of heroin, which they manage to do, and then, for no reason at all—merely because they wear their hair long, and are unshaven—are shot down on a country road by a redneck sheriff who, it is the movie's explicit point, like most America, resents the true freedom that the two young men have achieved. I would not like to see Peter Fonda suspended on a meat hook, but I found myself less indignant at the sheriff the day after the evening spent with Dr. Baird and all those haunted people, and I pray that he will succeed with Beautiful. □

SHELL GAME *New York*, Jan. 14—The national attention given to the rise of the subway fares in New York City is instructive, as also the suggestion, published in the *Washington Post*, that after all, why shouldn't the subways be free, like public schools, and (adds the author) free private hospitals?

Instructive because it suggests how far away we have got from what would appear to be rudimentary understanding of how things work. There are two reasons why the subway fares in New York rose. The secondary reason is that the Transport Workers Union is utterly unafraid of breaking the no-strike laws of the State of New York, particularly in an election year, so that it disposes of the effective power to blackmail the City administration.

But the primary reason is that New York City subway workers weren't making enough money and needed a raise. And the reason they weren't making enough money is because the government is spending too much money. One way to put it is this, that the cost of riding the subway will rise because the American people are receiving so many things free of charge. That would appear to be a paradox. It is the beginning of economic wisdom to recognize that it is not a paradox.

INASMUCH as it is predictable that before these words appear in print, Mayor John Lindsay will have blamed the rise in the fares equally on Nelson Rockefeller and the Vietnam war, it is appropriate to point out that during the Johnson Administration money spent on defense rose by 50 per cent, while money spent on welfare rose by 100 per cent.

As for the argument that Nelson Rockefeller is responsible, the counter-argument that comes most readily to mind is also the best argument, namely that there simply is no obvious reason why Cayuga County apple pickers need to be taxed in order to subsidize the five

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million New Yorkers who regularly ride the subways. And if they were taxed (to quote myself ten years ago) a reciprocal obligation would be implicitly lodged, by the terms of which, very soon, the subway riders in New York City would be taxed in order to help the apple pickers of Cayuga County, and before you know it, the sky is blackened by crisscrossing dollars, and one contemplates, yet again, the mysterious axiom of contemporary liberalism, that one should continually elongate the distance between where a dollar is collected and where a dollar is spent.

John Lindsay would be happy if Albany were to subsidize New York subway riders, happier still if Washington were to do so, and presumably elated if the United Nations were to do it.

What the raise means, to most people, is $1 extra per week. Since getting to work is a necessary expense, that dollar will either shrink the individual's disposable income; or, in due course, he will wrest that dollar from his employer, who in turn will charge more for his product, and back we go again.

But the assumption that the way to handle the matter is to subsidize the subway is of course ludicrous, not merely because arguments at least as cogent could then be made for providing free food (in order to work you have to eat) and free shoes (in order to get from the subway to the office you have to use shoe leather). But because after you reach a certain point it is all but impossible to effect a subsidy.

That point is easily reached by the five million subway riders of New York City. That bloc of people is so numerous as to belong solidly in the economic bloodstream of the country. Among them are income tax payers, property tax payers, excise tax payers and sales tax payers: so that the idea of subsidizing them from funds into which they are now already contributing, and into which they will need to contribute more if the "subsidy" were enacted, is, well, a political shell game. It is our old friend the Economics of Hallucination without which, one might add, most of the people who are elected to office could not have got there. □

RAILROAD REFORM

New York, Jan. 18 —I do not know the particular situation elsewhere, but in New York the commuter railroads are a mess, and I for one do not believe that this was necessarily meant to be. This morning a friend began his telephone conversation in reply to the routine question How are you? by muttering stoically that he had no complaint in the world except the Penn Central Railroad.

What was it this particular morning? The third rail wasn't working—on account of the bitter cold, the conductor had said. On the other hand, neither does the third rail work regularly in the summertime, on account, presumably, of the bitter heat. Yesterday, on the line from Greenwich, Connecticut, the three count 'em three rear cars had absolutely no heat at all, so that the passengers had all to crowd in the forward cars passing an hour eyeball to eyeball, without space enough, even, to hide their tears with a copy of the *New York Daily News*.

My friend, who is a lawyer, waxed wrother and wrother, and reminded me that a year ago a passenger, protesting against some casual brutality of that morning's train, had refused to surrender his ticket. He was taken away and sentenced there and then by the judge for deprivation of service, which means that he deprived the railroad of money which belonged to the railroad in compensation for its services. What, my friend asked cogently, about the railroad's deprivation of its passengers' time? The gentleman in question is worth $75 an hour on the open market. The figure is rough, but one can safely assume that in the course of a year, his commuter railroad costs him, in delays, oh, say $5,000.

I say it was not meant to be because I continue to believe that if no one had invented the railroad, and suddenly one were to call a press conference and divulge the idea of a track running in a straight line from city to city on which an enormous engine, an adaptation of an automobile, could pull enormous buses at speeds of one hundred miles per hour, that the whole country would stop in amazement and every congressman and senator would rise in a chorus to appropriate money to make the dream come true. Yet, incredibly, railroads are grinding to a halt. Most of New England you cannot now reach by railroad.

I am in the mood to make a few practical proposals.

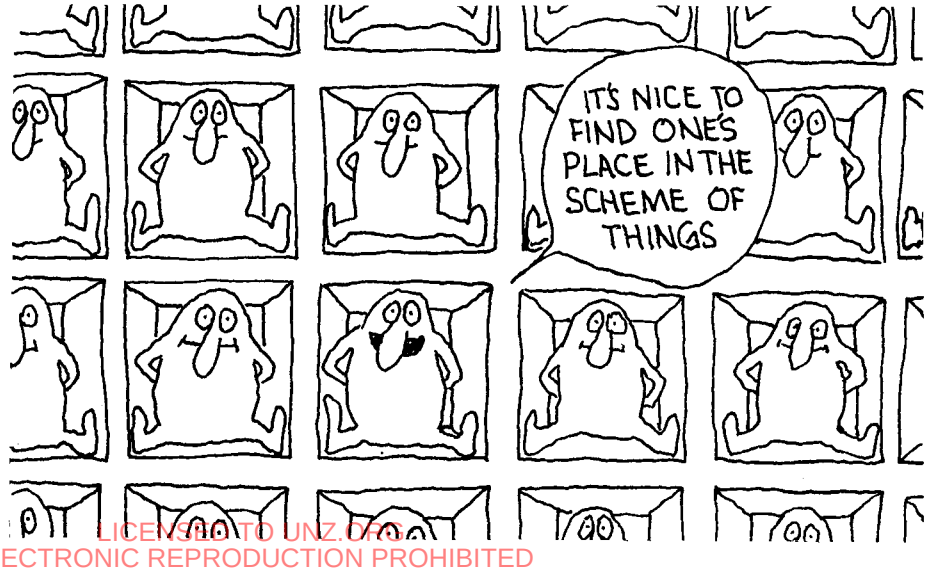
1. Is there any reason at all why the ICC shouldn't be abolished? It was set up primarily to guard against excessive abuses by the railroads of their advantages as monopolies. To guard against such abuses in this day and age is the equivalent of protecting the public against American Motors' selling their cars at too high a price.

2. It is, in my judgment, too late to turn the railroads completely over to free enterprise, but not too late for first economic principles to come to our help. The railroads' two principal economic encumbrances are a) taxes, and b) union monopolies. I propose legislation under which the government would acquire the railroad beds. The sole reason for doing so would be in order to prevent the states and the municipalities from taxing the railroads, most particularly the land over which their trackage runs.

3. The government would then proceed to lease the railroad beds for fees only just large enough to attend to the maintenance of the railroad beds, even as the highways are publicly maintained. Anyone paying the fee could use the bed and provide public services, subject to observance of safety rules, and central coordination. So that, for instance, the Greyhound Company say, and Eastern Airlines, or even the Buckley Syndicate, could offer services to commuters, or even to longer haul passengers at a price to be arrived at by competition, and by the quality of the service and equipment that they furnish. And, just as railway unions are covered under special legislation, so would they be covered under special legislation in the future: no union shop.

A sensible set of proposals, with the compliments of a former patron of the railroads, who is a prospective patron of the new railroads. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Douglas, Warren, et al., have made their knowledge unconstitutional — 3 92 113 66 194 199 212

B. Army fort near Monterey, Calif. — 122 163 44

C. One of the reasons we have government — 151 31 45 56 172 104 117 190 203 13

D. Weights assigned to horses in a race — 23 54 111 127 132 / 169 177 120 59 48 75 108

E. The national government is supposed to promote this—not provide it — 187 16 156 28 196 206 64 188 70 86 / 116 125 146 155

F. What they have done is out of this world — 192 9 170 79 143 180 200 106 133 140

G. Grandeur or magnificence — 43 24 144 179 71 204 81 164

H. Mode of procedure for gaining advantage or success — 88 150 83 181 171 158 205

I. Not a constitutional function of the national government — 8 10 53 57 82 93 37

J. Not a constitutional function of the national government — 114 26 109 165 84 58 147 175 2

K. A little of this goes a long way — 198 182 60 72 6 130

L. Brings wild, waste or marshy land into a condition for cultivation or other use — 211 145 7 115 73 61 201 50

M. The largest of living birds — 36 74 153 32 183 11 149

N. What Tolstoy might call the present era in the U.S. — 27 21 35 42 173 91 105 119 139 148 / 157

O. Not abundantly — 14 46 49 20 29 4

P. Something to pursue — 100 63 207 34 12 184 189 136 161

Q. A state capital — 129 65 87 126 208 185 67

R. A House (but not a Senate) committee — 22 1 5 77 47 94 167 178 191 30 / 101 103 107 128

S. A narrow bit of metal, wood, rubber, etc., placed between a door or window sash and its frame to exclude rain, air, etc. — 69 33 162 51 55 80 96 98 102 118 / 131 195

T. Designed to be snuffed into the nose — 138 38 121 89 15 186 209

U. Forward curvature of the spine — 85 166 176 152 197 17 110 68

V. A man in the penitentiary could enjoy the four that FDR mentioned—a free man could be without any of them — 174 193 90 141 168 78 40 202

W. The devisers, makers, or creators of anything — 19 25 62 76 97 99 135 137 142 160

X. Town in San Bernardino County, Calif. — 52 134 112 123 41

Y. A pain in the organ of hearing — 95 210 124 39 18 154 159

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 98 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 R	2 J	3 A	4 O		5 R	6 K	7 L	8 I		9 F	10 I	11 M	12 P	13 C	14 O	15 T
16 E	17 U		18 Y	19 W	20 O		21 N	22 R	23 C	24 G	25 W	26 J		27 N	28 E	29 O	30 R
31 C	32 M	33 S		34 P	35 N	36 M	37 I	38 T	39 Y	40 V	41 X		42 N	43 G	44 B		45 C
46 O	47 R	48 D		49 O	50 L		51 S	52 X	53 I	54 C		55 S	56 C	57 I	58 J	59 D	60 K
61 L	62 W	63 P	64 E	65 O	66 A		67 O	68 U		69 S	70 E	71 G	72 K		73 L	74 M	
75 D	76 W	77 R	78 V	79 F	80 S	81 G	82 I	83 H	84 J	85 U	86 E	87 O		88 H	89 T	90 V	
91 N	92 A	93 I	94 R	95 Y	96 S		97 W	98 S		99 W	100P	101R	102S		103R	104C	
105N	106F	107R	108D	109J	110U	111C	112X		113A	114J	115L	116E	117C	118S	119N		120D
121T	122B	123X	124Y	125E	126O	127C		128R	129O	130K	131S	132C	133F	134X	135W	136P	
137W	138T	139N	140F	141V		142W	143F		144G	145L		146E	147J	148N	149M		150H
151C	152U		153M	154Y	155E		156E	157N	158H	159Y	160W	161P	162S	163B	164G		165J
166U	167R	168V	169D	170F	171H	172C	173N		174V	175J	176U		177D	178R	179G	180F	181H
182K	183M	184P	185O	186T	187E		188E	189P	190C	191R	192F	193V	194A		195S	196E	197U
198K	199A	200F	201L	202V		203C	204G	205H	206E	207P	208O	209T	210Y	211L	212A		

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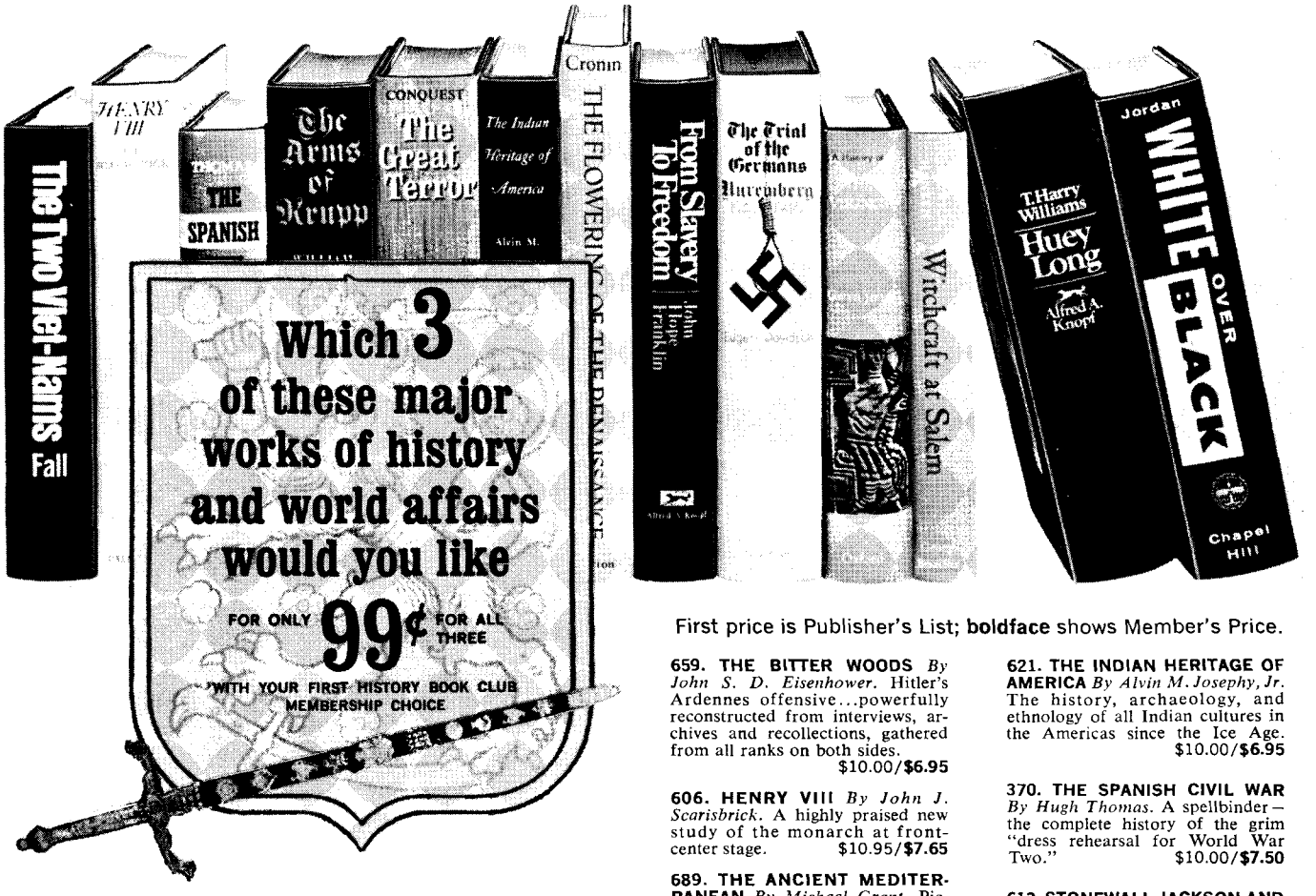

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